Vol. CXXXI. No. 1711.

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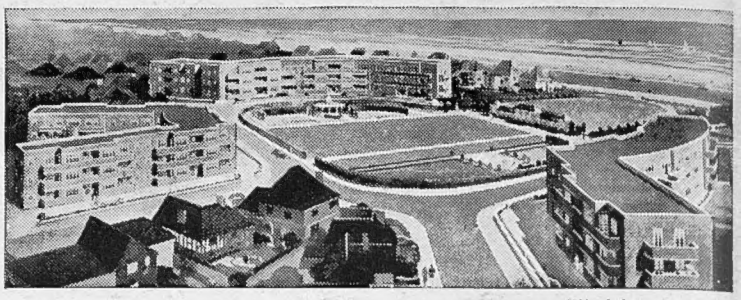

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The Bystander

Anthony

Ninette de Valois Has Composed a New Ballet

Ninette de Valois' new ballet to Beethoven's ballet music, *Prometheus*, is being given for the first time at Sadler's Wells on October 13th, with Robert Helpmann, Elizabeth Miller, and June Brae in the leading parts. Unfortunately, her work as director of the Vic-Wells Company and ballet school and as choreographer is making it impossible for Ninette de Valois to dance this season even as often as she did last; she will probably only appear in *Douanes*, of which a new production is being given in November. Her two new ballets last year were *The Gods Go a-Begging*, one of her greatest successes, and *Barabau*. The ballet season at Sadler's Wells opened last week to a packed house and the enthusiasm that makes that theatre one of the most "alive" places in London

The Two Conductors in a Bayreuth Garden

Looking Ahead

Sir Thomas Beecham Makes Plans for Next Year with Dr. Furtwangler

Sir Thomas Beecham went to stay with Dr. Wilhelm Furtwangler to discuss arrangements for the Coronation opera season at Covent Garden next year, and they sat, heads together, in the garden and made their plans. The season is to be a ten weeks one, April 19th to June 30th, during which time it is understood that Furtwangler will conduct two cycles of the *Ring*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE League Assembly has taken a sensationally unexpected step in refusing to kow-tow to Italy. I use the word "sensationally" on purpose. The sensation has consisted in the smaller States of the League refusing to be brow-beaten by Britain and France. Idealism has been upheld against cynicism. The big stick has not been approved. Violence has not been applauded. I must confess that I, who have been a passionate supporter of the League and the idea of collective security ever since 1920, am astonished. I never thought to see the principles of the Covenant being upheld.

THE smaller States have obviously come to the conclusion that they might as well go down honourably. They have nothing to gain any longer by bowing obsequiously to the Great Powers. They might just as well stand up in defence of the Treaty which they, and the Great Powers, signed so solemnly. And if Italy walks out, that is Italy's affair. Esthonia and Finland and the rest cannot compel Italy to do this or that, but at least Esthonia and Finland and the rest can save their own souls. The three States which voted that Abyssinia ought to be ejected from the Assembly were Austria, whom the League has saved from chaos and bankruptcy, and Hungary, whom the League has saved from chaos and bankruptcy, and King Zog's Albania. A handsome trio.

I HEAR that Italy is going to offer to repay some of her war debt to America. This is truly noble news. Every European country has defaulted in its debts except only Finland, and now Italy is voluntarily offering to reopen the whole affair and begin paying again. She does not propose to start paying us, by the way. It is only the U.S. who is the lucky one. Italy's debt to us is wiped out for ever, and no gratitude, either. Why, then, this sudden attack of financial altruism? For one reason, and for one reason only. Under the Johnson Act, no country which has defaulted on a debt may borrow from America. Italy, therefore, proposes to repay a couple of quid on the war debt in order to borrow ten millions to pay for Abyssinia. I wonder if the Americans will notice the dodge? I wonder.

I HAVE in the past attacked, in these very columns, with the utmost virulence, Sir Samuel Hoare. I regarded his Abyssinian plan with detestation, and I said so. I regarded his "come-back" into the Cabinet as a piece of typical politics, and I said so. But now that he is back, and so long as he is devoting himself energetically to the study of British interests in the Mediterranean, he will have my support. A fat lot of good that will be to him, says you. All right. Never mind. But for what it is worth, my support is solidly behind any man who tries to maintain our Imperial route to India. I am not to be ranged among those who want to see Ceuta and Port Mahon in Italian hands, and a German submarine base in the Canary Islands and another in Morocco. "Britain for the British" is a good motto, and another good one is the Mediterranean for the British. So pipe down, Little Englanders, and let who can be clever.

Sasha

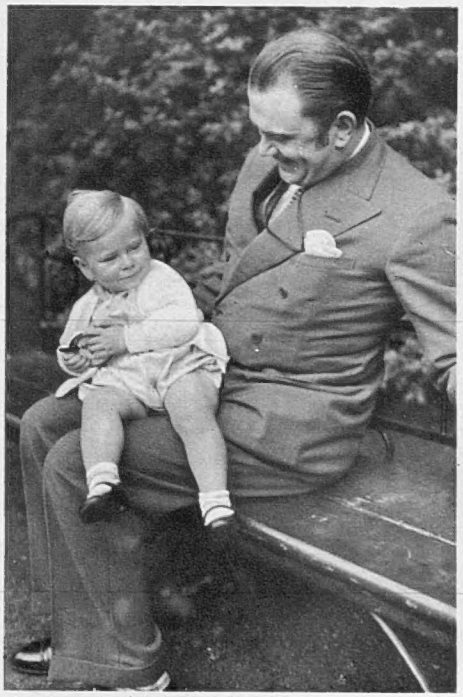
Ramsay MacDonald's Secretary

Rose Rosenberg has been personal private secretary to Ramsay MacDonald since 1923—during his two Premierships and the five years he was Leader of the Opposition. She is also legal adviser to the National Council for Civil Liberties; earlier in her career she worked for Lady Rhondda, and at the Labour Party headquarters. She is a C.B.E., one of the most discreet women in the world, likes music, the theatre, and her huge circle of friends

TREADING cautiously again on tricky ground, I think it is possible unpolitically to express the opinion that the defence of the Alcazar in Toledo will go down to history with the second defence of Saragossa against Marshal Lannes in 1809, and with the defence of Gerona against St. Cyr and Angereau a little time later. Actually the defence of Gerona, though much less famous than the other, was even more amazing, for the town was completely dominated from the very start by the French artillery on the high ground. According to all the accepted rules of warfare, Gerona ought not even to have attempted resistance. But then, the Spaniards are apt to

The Earl of Warwick—Film Actor

Mr. Jack Dunfee saw "Mr. Fulke Greville" off at Waterloo when he started his journey to Hollywood (sailing in the Normandie). Lord Warwick has a contract with M.-G.-M., a salary of £200 a week, a secretary and a valet, three months' holiday a year, and starts work on October 7th



The Earl of Suffolk—Scientist

Right: Lord Suffolk is studying science at Edinburgh University and lately passed the bacteriology examination. He and Lady Suffolk (Mimi Crawford that was) have a flat in Murray Place. Their small son, Michael (Viscount Andover officially) was born in March last year

Brother- and Sister-in-Law

Mr. Walter Elliot and Lady Oxford and Asquith were guests at Captain T. Dugdale's wedding to Mrs. Nancy Gates. The bride is a half-sister of Lady Oxford, and sister of Mrs. Walter Elliot

ignore the accepted rules of warfare, just as other nations are apt to ignore the accepted rules of neutrality.

MR. LANDON, Republican candidate for the American presidency, seems to be a little uncertain whether Mr. Randolph Hearst is better as an ally or as an opponent. The newspaper magnate certainly has a big machine for talking to the electorate, but his views and his methods are such that respectable folk are often disinclined to vote in the same camp. President Roosevelt has no qualms on the subject. He has issued a statement about Mr. Hearst which has forced that gentleman into the arms of Mr. Landon. Whether Mr. Landon is altogether pleased with his new sweetie is another matter.

THE reports about the Coronation route are disquieting. It is being freely stated that speculation and profiteering on an unprecedented scale are being organised. If this is so, the whole question of these public spectacles ought to be reviewed by the Home Office. After all, the Coronation is the possession of every loyal citizen. In a sense it is the creation of every loyal citizen. But it can be manipulated in such a way that the demonstration of imperial loyalty to the Crown can be converted into cash for the benefit of a handful. Why should not the entire route be taken over by the State and the profits devoted to hospitals, or the British Legion, or the King George Memorial Fund ?

A SAD rumour is running round the town that Major Gladstone Murray has at last been cajoled out of the B.B.C. into the general managership of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The threat has been hanging over us for years, and now at last it appears that it is likely to materialise. " Bill " Murray, as ten thousand friends call him, is one of the great men. He was a flying man in the war and his record was amazing, and his stories about his flying are hair-raising. So are his stories about his hotel which he ran after the war, and how the black men visited it, and how the Canadians wrecked it because they did not like the black men, and . . . and . . . and . . . so on. But if it is really true that the B.B.C. are deliberately going to allow " Bill " Murray to go back to Canada, then all I can say is " Bad cess to them."

IF any idealist still believes that the world is progressing in sense, sanity, and humanity, he would do well to take a glance at the statistics that have just been produced by the Howard League for Prison Reform. The League estimates that there are more men and women in prison to-day than at any time in the recorded history of civilisation. And these men and women are not all criminals, or nearly all criminals. " Religion, race, politics, or simply suspicion " are perfectly good grounds for imprisonment in a number of States in these days. The lowest figure of prisoners quoted by the Howard League is the Irish Free State, and the highest (Russia and Brazil not having supplied figures) is, for some odd reason, Sierra Leone.

LAST week I wrote a paragraph about elderly gentlemen wrangling about our amateur magistracy. In that paragraph I mentioned the spirited intervention of Lord Morris in the shape of a letter to the *Times*, and the even more spirited retort of Mr. E. F. Benson, Mayor of Rye, and author of many enchanting books. It would appear that Lord Morris got the impression from my paragraph that I was classing him among the elderly gentlemen. I most certainly did not say so, nor did I mean it. Lord Morris is thirty-three years of age. I apologise for any impression which he may have got from reading my paragraph. Mr. E. F. Benson is the author of the many enchanting books. I have always loved Mr. Benson's books.

IN the fifth volume of his memoirs, Mr. Lloyd George returns to the old attack upon the professional soldier. His case, as he sets it out, is devastating. Wholesale stupidity in high ranks led to wholesale slaughter in low ranks. There may be an answer to Mr. Lloyd George. If there is, the poor public, which is called " the-man-in-the-street " in peace-time and " cannon-fodder " in war-time, is entitled to hear it. America, too, should have something to say about his opinion of Pershing. But for Colonel Repington and his disclosures to the newspapers, there can be nothing but tears.

OUR phenomenal licensing laws got another crack in the eye when it was discovered this week that a convict on licence had opened a club at which drink could be sold by the simple payment of five shillings. There was no question of obtaining leave, or making an application, or reporting to the police. It was the man's legal right to plank down his brace of half-crowns and start his club. But will Parliament do anything about it ? No fear !

I BETOOK myself the other day to a professional " Soccer " match at Stamford Bridge for the first time for years. The impressive thing about it was the accuracy of the first-time kicking, considering the terrific speed at which the game was played. But apart from that, the speed spoiled the game. There was very little close dribbling, and a great deal of clumsy over-running. But better than " Rugger," all the same.

The Spanish and Russian Delegates at Geneva

Señor Alvarez del Vayo, the Spanish Foreign Minister, talking to M. Max Litvinoff, the Soviet Foreign Minister, before the League Assembly's general discussion began last Friday. Señor del Vayo, who was to follow Mr. Eden, the first speaker, had announced his intention of making a full statement on the delicate question of intervention by other countries in the Spanish civil war

Norman Parkinson

Edward G. Robinson on the Set

Edward G. Robinson is a top-notcher among the brilliant collection of American stars who are over here just now, all making their first British pictures. His is *Thunder in the City*, an Atlantic Films' production which Marion Gering is directing. He started work on it a few weeks ago, and Norman Parkinson took this photograph of him between "takes" on the Denham set. He has the Viennese actress, Luli (Hohenburg) Deste as his leading lady

Lenare

Mr. Roberts and Miss Charles

Owen Roberts, only son of the late Captain Marshall Roberts and Mrs. Irene Roberts, and Pat Charles, youngest daughter of the late David Charles and Mrs. Charles, of 25, Davies Street, W.1, were married at St. John's, Southwick Crescent. Colonel Geoffrey Franklyn gave the bride away; Lord Long was best man

Mr. Guinness and Miss Nelson

The Hon. Bryan Guinness and Miss Elisabeth Nelson, daughter of the late Captain T. A. Nelson, of Achnacloich, Argyll, and Mme. Maze, of Star House, Chelsea, were married last week. Bryan Guinness is Lord and Lady Moyne's elder son; has published several books, lives at Biddesdon House, Andover

Engaged Couple: Miss Dian

Diana Lambton, Brigadier-General the Hon. Charles Lambton's daughter, and William Hedworth Williamson were photographed at Quaglino's. They announced their engagement in the summer, and are being married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on November 12th

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

RACING and hunting folk generally are surely more "sticky" about things that "aren't done" than any other.

Why should a man wear a hat at a race meeting if he never wears one anywhere else, and perhaps does not even possess one?

Women who are supposed to be madly interested in racing are more critical of each other's clothes on a racecourse than any other women anywhere else. "Think of racing in that hat," and "My dear, did you see her shoes?" are the sort of horrified remarks you hear around you.

Sailors don't care, anyway, and Lord Stanley of Alderley appeared bareheaded at Windsor, and told us to put our two-shilling Tote bet on Penny Rock," which was better advice than any of those know-alls in the right sort of headgear gave us.

A recent bride, Mrs. Dermot Daly, was the prettiest girl in sight. Her dark-blue suit showed up her lovely complexion and we liked her square-toed, square-heeled dark blue shoes.

No Sort of Intentions

PITY the poor young bachelors who the gossips insist on "marrying" to every pretty blonde they take to the movies.

If a young man reaches the dangerous age of thirty-one or two he is liable to be reported engaged about once a week—in fact, he begins to expect it, and without the slightest "intentions" of any sort, rather enjoys his publicity.

Ritz Regulars

LORD and Lady Milford Haven were at the Ritz when it reopened last Monday night, and were joined at supper-time by Sir John and Lady Milbanke, Lady Stanley and Mr. Camillo Aldao.

Rudi Grasl, who imitates every instrument in an orchestra with no more help than a few grimaces, is the best turn in this or any other cabaret.

Ritz regulars that night included Grand Duke Dmitri, Mr. and Mrs. Jock Hanbury, Lord Lurgan, and Sir Robert Horne.

The Ritz is one of the few restaurants where people have their own tables where by force of habit and regularity one expects to see them.

Dressed or Not Dressed

THE San Marco over the way is another, but here it is more a question of the dressed and not-dressed habitués, the latter preferring those comfortable sofas on the way in. Here is a tip for a girl with a particularly good profile, or, in fact, anyone who wants her boy friend to realise how ravishing she is looking. Snatch a table with one of those columns of white light either behind or beside you. They are the most flattering things in the world.

Doing it Thoroughly

BENT on showing an Australian friend round the town the other night, and having ventured into a couple of glorified pubs around Shepherd Market (when you are sight-seeing you may as well do it thoroughly) we dined at the Bon Viveur, where our friend from down under was entranced with the clever Montmartre atmosphere and the intimate friendliness of the place.

Ginger, who used to be behind the bar at Punch's in the old days, made us an excellent cocktail, and the dinner that followed fortified us for one of those tiring evenings where one goes on and on from place to place, looking for the good time that usually happens quite unexpectedly on a night when we promise ourselves something on a tray and to be asleep by ten o'clock.

Two Young Great-Uncles

THE very early marriages of his sister and his niece account for the fact that Mr. Charles Birkin must be almost, and certainly looks, quite the youngest great-uncle in existence.

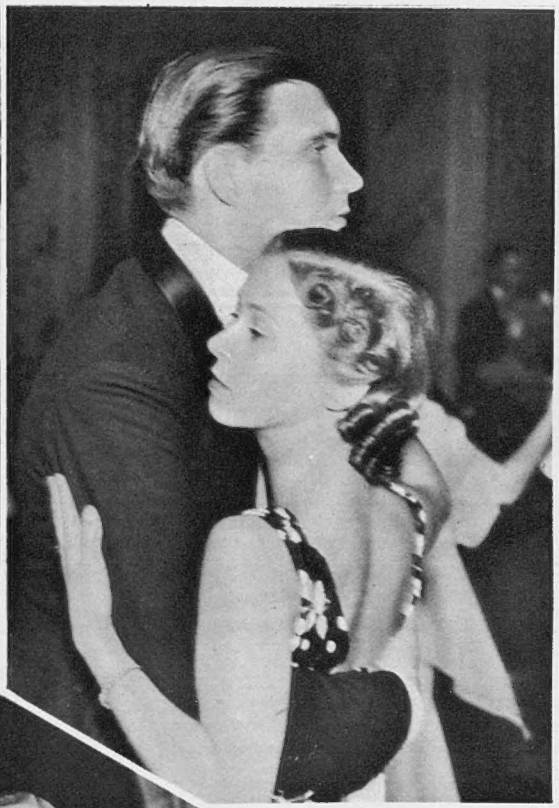
This unusual dignity has been thrust upon him by the birth of a daughter recently to Mrs. Laycock, formerly Angela Dudley Ward.

Another even younger looking great-uncle (step, this time) is the Hon. Hamish Erskine, whose niece, the Countess of Warwick, was rumoured to be on her way home from Hollywood last week.

The Earl of Warwick, who sailed on the Normandie on Wednesday to take up his film career, signed on the quota as Fulke Greville, and is accompanied on this trip by Captain D'Arcy Rutherford.

Friends tried to check up the welcome

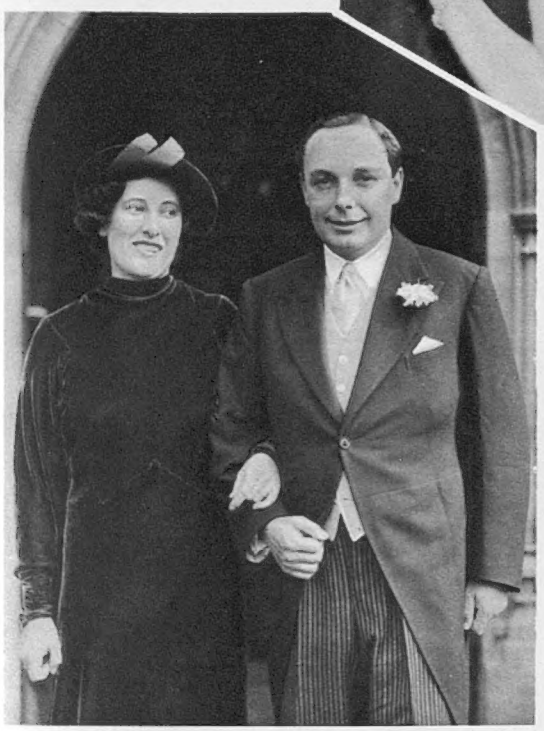
Lambton and Mr. Williamson



A Dorchester Extension Night

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Paravicini were in a party with Lord and Lady Plunket at the Dorchester last week. There is an amusing new cabaret there which is a great success, even though the girls in it are just girls and not "Les Girls"

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Wood and the Duchess of Roxburghe were two young-marrieds who walked in together. Mrs. Wood was Ruth Primrose, and married Lord Halifax's son last spring. The Duchess of Roxburghe's wedding was a year ago next month



Dugdale — Gates

Captain Thomas Dugdale, M.P., son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Dugdale, of Crathorne Hall, Yorks., and Mrs. Nancy Gates, youngest daughter of the late Sir Charles Tennant and Mrs. Geoffrey Lubbock, of Birch Hall, Windlesham, were married at Windlesham Parish Church. Captain Dugdale has been P.P.S. to Mr. Baldwin since last December; his constituency is Richmond, Yorks

rumour of Lady Warwick's return without success.

Enhanced Glamour

THE dim but glamorous atmosphere of the "Four Hundred" has been enhanced on several nights lately by the arrival of Marlene Dietrich, accompanied by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. She looked more beautiful than ever when we saw her, in a long, simple black dress, her soft fair hair reaching nearly to her shoulders.

Others sighted in this smartest of small-hour boîtes were Lady Veronica Hornby, dancing with her husband, that very attractive person, Miss Toto Koopman, who arrived with Miss Rosemary Robertson, Lord Donegal and Count Claus Ahlefeldt Laurig.

We Are Sheep!

"WHY do all women wear black?" asked a man friend when we took him to a dress show.

We had not noticed it until he did, but it was amazingly true.

There they were, those smart matrons, young and old, in rows and rows, all wearing dead-black coats, hats and dresses, and dripping in silver foxes.

Rows of crossed-over legs, too, in exactly the same shade of sunburnt flesh stockings. We were forced to admit our sheep-like instincts!

Actually, the reason of this all-black fashion is that every woman possesses at least one all-black outfit to fall back on during between-seasons; when, in spite of the sunless warmth of these September days, summer clothes seem out of place and new winter things are not yet even ordered.

Language of Clothes

WHILE on the subject of dress shows, a very interesting letter from a friend in Leningrad proves that the language of clothes, like that of love, is one and the same the world over.

Our correspondent, who speaks no Russian, had just spent an interesting half-hour with the maid at her hotel, who spoke not a word of English, showing her an English fashion-book and pointing out that we wear our skirts short by day and long at night. The Russian maid found this most intriguing—even more so when our friend presented her with some silk stockings. She says that Russians are at last becoming clothes-conscious, and that it is quite time they did, as people in the streets look so drab and uninteresting, and there is no sign of colour anywhere except in the theatres or an occasional flag or strip of bunting.

So Thoughtless Not To!

A CLEVER business woman never wastes her time, and one dressmaker we know, who spent a holiday this summer in Hammamet, near Tunis, bought a number of native garments which, with her usual genius, she has transformed into miracles of smartness for her London clientele.

We are not speaking to a couple of boy friends of ours who also spent a summer there and never thought of acquiring a few of these Tunisian models for a few francs and handing them on to us. So easy, and so thoughtless not to!

Sheer Madness

STARTING the week with a gala dinner at Prunier's last Sunday night was sheer madness from a banting point of view.

A couple of well-known food-lovers who sat near to us said it was quite the best dinner they ever remembered, and although we missed several courses, we cut our weighing-machine stone-dead for two days after.

It was a feast of oysters, game, and special wines in honour of the Prunier Trophy, which is being offered for competition amongst herring fishermen of England and Scotland during October and November.

MISS PEEPS

Yevonde, Manchester

Miss Sarah Churchill

This picture of Sarah Churchill was taken just before she left for America on the trip that made her very nearly front-page news. She sailed one day in the Bremen, leaving a note behind her that made her parents send brother Randolph after her next day in the Queen Mary. She is the second of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill's three daughters, red-haired, twenty-two this year; she made her stage debut as a chorus girl in the last Cochran show, *Follow the Sun*. Vic Oliver who was variously reported engaged to her and as having found her a job in an American revue, was also in *Follow the Sun*, and appeared as compère and raconteur in various London cabarets. He is now appearing in a Schenectady theatre. Last news last week of the affair was that he had said "everything is fine," and the Churchill brother and sister had both avoided saying anything

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Encore Ivor, Encore Noel

Wedding à la chinoise: Michael (Ivor Novello) and Penelope (Dorothy Dickson)

"Careless Rapture" (Drury Lane)

THERE will be no pantomime at Drury Lane this Christmas. The libraries, as you may have heard, have done a record deal over *Careless Rapture* to the tune of (official figures) £100,000. This, taking the Ivor Novello show well into Coronation Year, knocks Cinderella and the Sleeping Beauty sideways—which, if you are a Christmas pantomime fan, you may stigmatise as ungallant.

Nevertheless, should you gravitate to Drury Lane on Boxing Night by force of habit, with a little imagination *Careless Rapture* may serve your turn. Is it, after all, so hard to imagine that Ivor Novello is a Principal Boy without the tights? Is it not the easiest thing in the world to imagine Dorothy Dickson a Princess? Might not Minnie Rayner, despite her sex, be one of Nature's Pantomime Dames? When she insists on eating steak-and-kidney pie in China, do we not feel ourselves about to be invited to join in a chorus? And are there not transformation scenes galore?

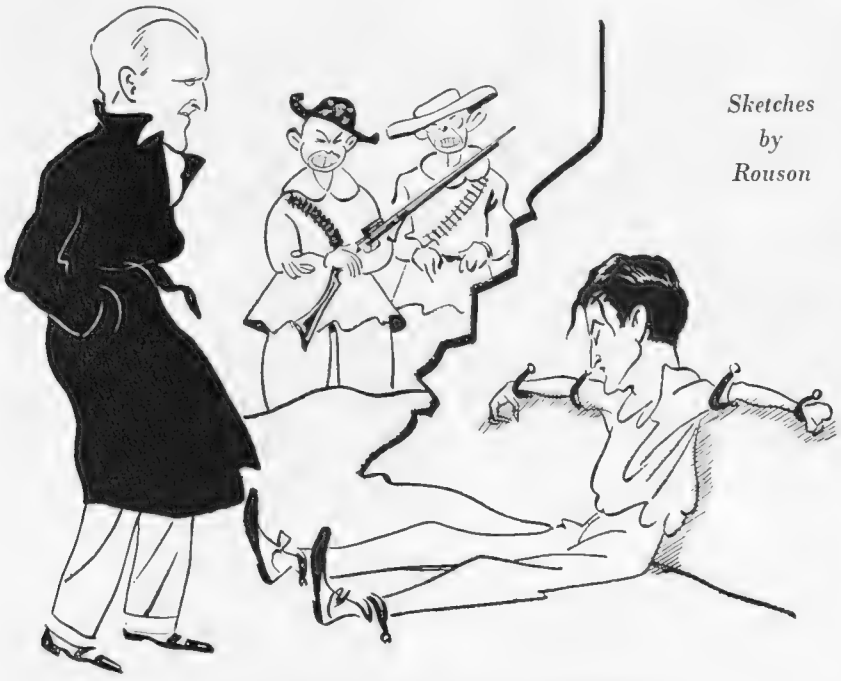
With a Good Fairy box-office to watch over Mr. Novello, and a Demon Highbrow to be foiled by him at every turn, it surely needs but a few deft strokes of the pen to convert *Careless Rapture* into quite a seasonable December revel.

MR. NOVELLO must be one of the happiest men in London at the moment. He must be happy because Drury Lane is notoriously an exacting theatre to write for, and this he has now done successfully not merely once (like Noel Coward), but actually twice. Easy enough, no doubt, to say, as Mr. Novello says, "Let there be roundabouts on Hampstead Heath." Easy enough to add, as Mr. Novello adds, "Let there be an earthquake outside the palace in Fu-Chin." But not so easy to concoct the mammoth jokes and to pump up the mammoth emotions that will keep the feet of the audience from shuffling in between the mammoth spectacles.

Mr. Novello must be happy again because in *Careless Rapture* he has provided himself with just the sort of airy, impudent part he loves to play. Before he enters, he boldly gets himself announced as "an exciting-looking man." Having made his entrance, he romantically proclaims himself an illegitimate son (thus adding, one gathers, to the character's natural attraction). And his legitimate brother being as dull as he is unexceptionably-begotten, Mr. Novello then proceeds to steal that brother's best girl from under his very nose. He follows her to beauty parlours. He pursues her to singing lessons. He advances on her in dressing-rooms. Allowing her no rest, he surprises her (but not the audience) even in China by suddenly casting off his native robes and his pidgin English.

If she sits on a unicorn, he sits beside her. If the earth opens to swallow her up, it opens to swallow him up, too. And when, after dancing an odd mythological ballet, she is laboriously raised higher and higher in the arms of an enormous hydraulic Oriental god, there he is again, nestling

Sketches by Rouson



Sir Rodney (Ivan Samson) unwillingly rescues his "sinister" brother (Ivor Novello)

The sublime and the ridiculous: Phyllida (Zena Dare) and Mrs. Ripple (Minnie Rayner)

insuppressibly alongside, in an apotheosis only Drury Lane would contemplate.

"To appreciate this show," said a friend who accompanied me, "you want oranges and not to go to the theatre so often." Those were wise words. Yet if I went to the theatre every night for a year and had no oranges at all, I believe I should still appreciate the sweetness of Dorothy Dickson and the acerbity of Zena Dare. If, on the other hand, I had never been to the theatre before and had a crate of oranges, I suspect I should still shudder a little to hear Mr. Novello rhyme "Le Touquet" with "you pay," and wonder whether China was really and truly at all like that.

Either way, £100,000 is £100,000. Most people would do far worse than this to get it. And few people could do half so well.

"Mademoiselle" (Wyndham's)

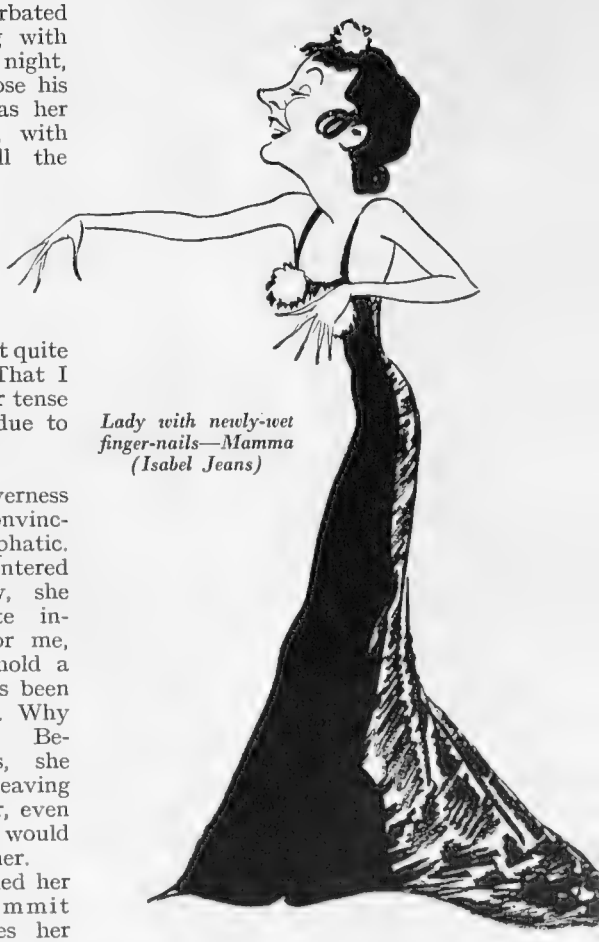
ANOTHER likely success is, I fancy, *Mademoiselle*, at Wyndham's. This success will be partly due to Noel Coward's characteristically spruce production; partly to the wit of the witty scenes which, brisk as Mr. Coward himself, the Carten sisters have adapted from Jacques Deval's original; and partly to the magnetism of the three reigning stars, Madge Titheradge, Isabel Jeans, and Greer Garson.

Miss Jeans, frivolous and hedonistic, avid for money, engrossed in her wardrobe, exacerbated by her servants, and bickering with her husband from morn to night, is enough to make any critic lose his heart to comedy. Miss Garson as her materialistic unmarried daughter, with secret unborn baby, revives all the hopes she raised on her first important appearance in *The Golden Arrow*. Miss Titheradge as the ominous governess engaged to look after her, succeeds in being quite unlike Miss Titheradge, if not quite like anything else. That I did not believe in her tense creation was largely due to the author.

Unfortunate Papa—French version (Cecil Parker)

THE way this governess talks is as unconvincing as it is emphatic. The moment she entered the house she knew, she declares, that "Fate intended this child for me, not for you." To hold a baby in her arms has been her life-long ambition. Why did she not marry? Because, she explains, she cannot endure men—leaving us to ponder whether, even if she could, they would be able to endure her.

So, having persuaded her charge not to commit suicide, she smuggles her into the country, keeps her parents in ignorance of the truth, and, when the little stranger arrives, assumes entire responsibility. In the last act, having gained her end, she is fiercely triumphant. "For the first time," she exclaims grimly, "I shall be necessary! Now, because of me, a new life will begin. He belongs to me—to me only. I've had him in my arms. He's all the world to me." With sons who forge cheques, butlers who blackmail after listening at keyholes, and brothers who have never opened a medical text-book successfully passing themselves off as gynæcologists, it will be gathered that *Mademoiselle* is undaunted by any fear of being written down theatrical.



Lady with newly-wet finger-nails—Mamma (Isabel Jeans)

Christianne confesses to her new Mademoiselle that she is in the oldest kind of trouble (Greer Garson and Madge Titheradge)

IT is, then, in comedy rather than drama that this French piece acquits itself with credit. And here, as I have indicated, Isabel Jeans (most ably abetted by Cecil Parker) carries all before her, convincing us once again that as a mistress of elegant stupidity she is without an equal on the stage. Whenever I see this enchanting actress, I am tempted to describe her as our most accomplished comedienne—a temptation to which I should succumb but for the sudden warning thought of Edith Evans. After whom, Athene Seyler flashes across my mind. Whereupon I am constrained to remember Yvonne Arnaud. And then Marie Tempest, not to be forgotten, squeaks her claim.

Well, we shall never know and never can know what acting in the past was like. But we do know what it is like in the present. And he, assuredly, would be a rash gambler who would change the five comediennes I have just mentioned for any five comediennes who have appeared contemporaneously in any period of English theatrical history.

Arthur A. Owen

The Duchess of Buccleuch on Her Way to Balmoral

The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch arrived at Balmoral to stay with the King the day after he himself got there. They motored north from Drumlanrig Castle, and stopped for tea at Gleneagles Hotel where this snapshot was taken. Their visit to Deeside makes a break in the long season of entertaining they themselves had been doing at Drumlanrig Castle, which is in Dumfriesshire; and a very lovely place, with grouse shooting, duck shooting, trout fishing, and the rest. It will be a year in November since the Duke of Buccleuch succeeded, and since his sister married the Duke of Gloucester

Careless Country Rapture

Ivor Novello Entertains at Maidenhead

Mme. Novello Davies and Ivor Novello

Ivor Novello has an attractive house at Maidenhead where he spends some of his week-ends. He had a party there just after "Careless Rapture" opened at Drury Lane, with his mother, Mme. Novello Davies, to do hostess for him

Photographs by Swaebe

"A Scarf Like That Goes Like This"

To "make a photograph" Ivor Novello acted dresser to Dorothy Dickson who was one of his week-end guests. She and Zena Dare are his two leading ladies at Drury Lane, where "Careless Rapture" has already fixed itself as one of his greatest successes

September Sunday Morning by the Swimming Pool

Here is the rest of Ivor Novello's week-end party—standing on the left are Richard Rose and Keneth ("Napoleon") Kent; sitting are Peter Graves, Dorothy Dickson, the host, Zena Dare, Fabia Drake and Christopher Hassall who has written the lyrics for "Careless Rapture." He was also responsible for the "Glamorous Night" ones

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SOVIET RUSSIA, according to Gordon Beckles, refuses to join Ely Culbertson's International Bridge League, now in process of formation. Two reasons are given (*a*) that nobody cares much about bridge in Russia, where the three national indoor games are talking, chess, and talking; and (*b*) that in any case the Soviet doesn't approve of the kings and queens on playing-cards. Which last statement, if true, seems to us the least bit old-fashioned. The question of purifying playing-cards and ridding them of monarchism was settled once for all in the French Revolution, when a lot of pupils and imitators of David designed packs fit for patriots in which Kings, Queens and Knaves gave place to Liberties, Fraternities, Equalities, Geniuses, Laws, Virtues, Sages, and Heaven knows what else; not to speak of even more high-minded packs featuring Brutus, Cato, Rousseau, Marat, Aristides, and other big boys of the period. The honest sans-culottes took one look at these ethical works of art, spat, relit their pipes, and went on playing with the old reactionary kind, which they adapted to their needs quite simply.

When they played a king, for example, they had only to announce "Le gros ——" something or other. It 's possible that Soviet artists have been toying with the same illusion as their predecessors, substituting Karl Marx for the King of Hearts (whiskers and all), and Red Rosa for the Queen; Lenin for the King of Spades, and so forth. And it 's possible that, since doing so, they too have learned a bit about human nature.

And, anyhow, as has been said already, chess is the second Russian national game. This was explained only the other day, with great patience and exquisite diplomatic suavity, by a member of the Soviet Embassy in London to a girl reporter of the *Express* who wanted to know quite different things. When she tried to discover whether there wasn't merry hell and holy Ogpu terror looming over everybody, they handed her iced coffee and cakes and politely talked about Botwinik's victory at the Nottingham chess tournament.

Typical exchange, after a lot of deft parrying:

Q.: Why is every official member of the Embassy on holiday in Moscow?

A.: Well, they like to see the old country. . . . Keeping up old friendships, you know. We believe in Russia that chess is good for the adolescent mind, and we teach it (etc., etc., etc.).

If that sort of thing isn't in the best traditions of the old bourgeois diplomacy, we 'll eat our furry Caucasian bonnet.

Home Hints Dept.

EVERY housewife and home girl should know how to deal with incendiary bombs dropped from enemy 'planes. How easy it is to do so was explained by Major Stuart Blackmore, Home Office gas expert, to a gathering of doctors the other day:

"The method of dealing with incendiary bombs themselves is comparatively simple. If you have handy a coalscuttle or a stout bucket in which there is two or three inches of sand, and a scoop with a handle of about six feet, it is possible to put the bomb into the receptacle and take it outside."

Gloves are not mentioned, but every woman who values her appearance will keep a pair for this purpose. Nothing roughens and reddens the hands more than fiddling with incendiary bombs—as the advertising boys will soon be explaining. "Oh, Auntie, I saw Jack looking at my hands in that last raid, and now he never calls!" "I 'm afraid, Effie, men have no use for girls with red, rough hands. I saw you picking up those bombs with the scoop, and I could see what Jack was thinking too!" "Oh, Auntie, whatever shall I do?" "My advice to every girl, dear, is to rub in BUMPO before and after a raid, and to wear gloves while actually picking or scooping up bombs. In this way the hands may be kept white, supple, and elegant, causing great admiration," etc., etc.

It may be that the question of personal freshness will also bob into the matter. For example, Jack may not only

"This is an Adam style, Madam"
"Yes, yes, I recognise the leaves"

look askance at Effie's rough, red hands, but may perhaps refuse to sit by her while she is popping the bomb into the coalscuttle. Everybody will at once know why, except Effie. Probably the best way out of what looks like being an embarrassing situation for everybody will be to pop Effie into the scuttle with the bomb and take 'em both outside.

Enigma

A lot of British sportsmen who 've up to now borne the Spanish situation with stoic equanimity are liable, if we 're not mistaken, to be stung to action by this recent news-item :

> Britain's annual supply of 5,000,000 badminton shuttle-cocks will be threatened if the shortage of cork due to the Spanish upheaval continues.

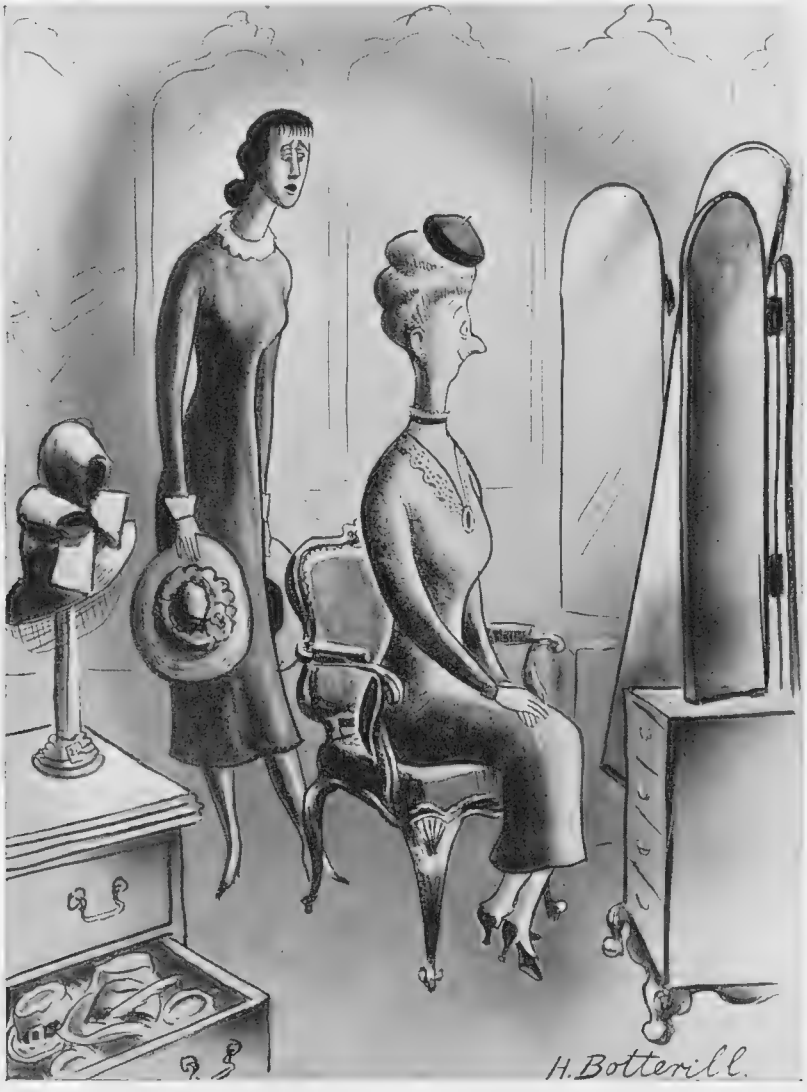
A sporting chap whose attention we drew to this was pretty perturbed, and asked if anybody was doing anything about this Spanish business ? After some thought we mentioned General Eoin O'Duffy's volunteer Irish Brigade, 2000 strong (and about 10,000 turned away), who are due to take service with the Spanish patriots. He said yes, dash it, but what if the cork-supply dries up before these Irish chaps can do anything about it ? We explained that that wasn't quite their idea in facing wounds, possible mutilation and death. He asked what *was* their idea then, anyhow ? We said their principal idea was to fight for the Christian religion in Spain against its sworn destroyers. This conveyed nothing much to him—he 's a pure Nordic Anglo-Saxon type—and after puzzling over it vaguely a moment or two, he dismissed it as irrelevant and said well, dash it, if we aren't going to get any more cork from Spain, what 's going to happen to the Badminton Championships ? Hey ?

" Now—you mustn't look till it 's finished "

After some thought, we agreed the prospect was pretty grim, but (we added cunningly) at least a chap could go on keeping fit. His face lightened a little and he said yes, dammit, a chap could at least do that. The conversation then took a turn it frequently does, owing to our insatiable (and often indiscreet) curiosity :

" Keeping fit, what for ? "
" Well, dash it, games and so forth ! "
" Why games, and so forth ? "
" Well, dash it, they keep a chap fit, and so forth ! "
" Fit, what for ? "

At this point, as usual, comprehension ceased abruptly and we parted, the riddle still unsolved. It puzzled Galsworthy equally, if you remember the hearty Jack Cardigan in the Forsyte stories. Keepin' fit—why ? Nobody knows.



" Of course, if Modam insists *on a béret . . . "*

Tiger

When, some little time before his death in Hollywood, Reginald Berkeley told us he had just finished a stage-play compressing the whole of Clemenceau's career into eleven scenes, we thought the feat a remarkable one. So, apparently, did the critic boys when *The Tiger* was produced for the first time at the Embassy the other night. The play isn't everybody's cup of tea—it assumes on the audience's behalf, for example, some acquaintance with French politics from 1871 up to the Tiger's death—but it 's a very gallant attempt to pour a hogshead into a pint-pot. And what a hogshead ! Boiling wine ! Even Sacha Guitry in *Historie de France* gave Clemenceau only one scene. The big Clemenceau play has yet to be written, probably by Guitry.

One of the British dramatist's initial handicaps, whether great or small, is that the Tiger wasn't a

lovable old gentleman, like our own Wartime statesmen, but a hard, brusque, ferocious, growling, cantankerous, Gallic old gentleman. With those terrible bristling eyebrows and those grey gloves went a real tigerish quality which was extremely valuable to France, and the Tiger always played up to himself. A man told us once of a comic incident just after the Armistice. After endless trouble, Clemenceau had been prevailed on to pose and say a few semi-official words for a British newsreel company. The operators haunted his shabby old garden for days, waiting vainly for an appearance. Finally the Tiger, informed of this, burst out, waving a thick stick, consigned the newsreel, the film trade, and the British nation furiously to blazes in choice terms—of which "salauds" was the mildest—went back into his cottage, banged the door, and was seen no more. Compare with this reprehensible attitude the bland, mellifluous cooings of (say) Sir John Simon before the newsreel cameras, and judge if we are not the luckiest nation on earth, besides being the happiest, the cleanest, the most prosperous, and the most moral.

Men's Wear Dept.

THE archæologist boys have at last discovered the humble tomb of Margaret of York and Burgundy in a church at Malines. She was sister to Edward IV. and third wife of Charles the Rash, last Duke of Burgundy—if you get our meaning. A magnificent tomb at Bruges glorifies the dust of Charles the Rash, that soldier whose wounded body (as you know) was found naked on the ice outside the walls of Nancy, half devoured by wolves. And then what? Simply, darlings, that Auntie *Times* says that his wife Margaret's tomb is or was supposed to contain many of the jewels of the House of Burgundy, and we were just wondering if there was going to be any news of the Hat, the Great Burgundian Hat of Duke Charles, which he wore in battle, and which has not been heard of for a long time. It was hung all round with pear-shaped pearls and studded thickly with sapphires and other gems. They could wear hats like that then. Duke Charles of Orleans had a velvet coat on which was embroidered the music of his song, "Madame je suis tout joyeulx" in pearls and rubies and gold. They could wear coats like that then. They weren't any better looking or taller or shapelier than you are, but you'd look damnably silly in a hat and coat like that, and they never did.

The truth is that when a modern puts on splendid clothes which illustrate some definite office or dignity, they at once transform him. Heralds, Kings-at-Arms, Knights of the Bath, Judges of the High Court—you hardly recognise them when they change. What's more, they don't recognise you, either. Business men often complain that after being as matey as all-get-out with a judge of the High Court at a dinner-party in Mayfair, they meet him a few weeks later all in scarlet, and he never speaks, except to refuse them bail. Life, Life, what a tease you are!

Star

HARLEY STREET story told to us by a well-known mangler of viscera: An eminent surgeon, handsome, prosperous, with a big streak of the *cabotin*, was conducting an extremely difficult internal operation. Round the tiers of the operating theatre were massed a huge crowd of colleagues and students, intent on the Master's lightest gesture. The spotlights centred on him as he worked. Finally, with the deftest of flicks, he brought the operation to a successful close and turned instinctively to his audience, which responded with all the enthusiasm of a West End first night, the Master taking his curtain with the dignity of a Tree. "Encore!" shouted a student (probably Scottish), carried away by admiration and excitement. Bowing still lower, the Master turned once more to the unconscious body on the operating table, hesitated a moment, consulted smilingly, knife in hand, eyebrows upraised, with his assistants ("Appendix?"), and proceeded gracefully to give his encore.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Yeah, I know—but what've you done with Fred?"

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of

Celebrities in Cameo

No. 40

Captain Edgar Wikner Percival

But for the tragic death of Campbell Black, and Mrs. Beryl Markham's forced landing after her Transatlantic flight, Captain Edgar Wikner Percival would be represented to-day by no fewer than six machines in the Johannesburg air race. As it is, his sensations are exactly like those of an author who has four plays opening simultaneously in the West End.

Born at Albury, New South Wales, the son of a sheep-raiser, Captain Percival is half Australian and half Swedish—but the Swedish side predominates in his appearance. For he has a big Scandinavian head, not the dolycephalic skull of the typical Australian. It was with Paton and Webster, the marine engineers and shipbuilders at Sydney, that he got his first chance to learn about blue-prints. It was with Billy Hart, the first man to have an aeroplane in Australia, that he made his first flight—on a Henri Farman—with the pilot perched on an outrigger in front of the wings, and his own legs curled round the pilot. Then came the war, and he joined the Australian Light Horse, transferring two years later to the R.F.C. in Egypt and doing his first solo on a Maurice Farman.

Scout pilots being badly wanted, he went to Port Meadow, near Oxford, and, after instruction, joined Billy Bishop's squadron until a recurrence of dengue fever, which he had picked up in the Near East, claimed him, and he returned to Egypt. Having shot down six enemy machines, he then became chief test pilot at Aboukir; rejoining his squadron, however, for the last week of the war.

Peace declared, Captain Percival bought three Avros from the authorities, and shipped them back to Australia, where he redesigned them and changed the engines. There followed an intense period of giving joy rides, making aerial tours for prospecting firms, and flying photographers and reporters to floods, fires, and rail smashes. He also ran his own workshops, bought damaged 'planes and reconditioned them, even building his own propellors. Finally he designed and built his own first aeroplane. It was a B 4, and swept the country. Two years later he came to England and with B. B. Henderson designed a low-wing monoplane, followed by the Saro Percival, the first machine ever to carry ten thousand pounds with a thousand-mile range.

But it was the Gull which he built in the basement of a brewery at Maidstone and flew in the King's Cup of 1932 which made his fortune.

To-day he has seven thousand hours to his credit, holds a B licence for six different types of machines designed by himself, has flown ninety-four other kinds, swims, plays golf and squash, remains a bachelor, avoids ladders and contract bridge, lives in St. George's Square, always wears a slouch hat in an aeroplane, employs over a hundred workmen, and can be safely regarded as the pioneer of the low-wing monoplane.

The Bystander,
September 30, 1936—565

This is Margaretta Scott's first season at the Old Vic, but she has been playing Shakespeare off and on since she made her debut as Mercutio's Page in *Romeo and Juliet* in 1926, and has done her third season this year at the Open Air Theatre. In the attractive production of *Love's Labour's Lost* which started the new season at the Old Vic, she plays Rosaline. After that *The Country Wife* comes on; Margaretta Scott had a great success as Alithea when the Wycherley comedy was revived two years ago at the Ambassadors'. She does a considerable amount of film work as well—gave a fine performance as Roxana in *Things To Come*

Photograph by John Everard

Margaretta Scott is Acting at the Old Vic

Films of the Day

What Paul Robeson Could Do : By George Campbell

THERE is something pathetic about Paul Robeson's career on the screen. The man has enormous personality, genuine talent, a glorious voice. Nine out of ten white stars are dwarfs alongside of him. He is desperately anxious to make pictures worthy of his own talent and of the negro race. And yet he has never made one first-class movie, and it looks as if he never will.

This is not his fault. The trouble lies (1) in the unimaginative commercialisation of the screen—the insistence that a black man is not box office unless he be either an Uncle Tom or a dealer in hot rhythms; and (2) in our fundamentally mischievous attitude towards the whole negro race. Eighteenth-century philosophers, who shuddered at the horrors of the Alps and saw nothing beautiful in Nature until it had been tamed and refined by the art of the landscape gardener, gazed at Africa and America from afar and created the legend of the Noble Savage. Victorian sentimentalists gushed and sobbed over the sufferings (real enough, no doubt) of gentle white-headed slaves on the banks of the Swanee and the Wabash. Now, with one of the queerest swings of history's pendulum, the negro is just a clown, marvellously gifted in the way of tap-dancing and "scat" singing, but no more entitled to serious consideration as an artist than, say, Shirley Temple.

THAT, perhaps, sums up the trouble with tolerable accuracy. We are too confoundedly patronising for words. We regard the negro as a child. Black men may write fine poetry and distinguished plays, they may lead saintly lives and earn fame, like Mr. Robeson, as singer, actor, and an all-American footballer. No matter. A benevolent Providence put the negro on earth to serve, not as a slave (we have outgrown all that nonsense), but as an entertainer. Come on, then. Hot it up! Faster, Sambo, faster! Louder and funnier! And if you 're a good little boy and do your stuff amusingly, maybe we 'll give you a nice big slice of pumpkin pie, and you can get your ears wet, as in the coloured supplements.

MR. ROBESON, a charming and cultured man, feels all this acutely, as he hinted to me once while expounding his pet theory that there is some connection between the Russian language and Negro dialects, and between the Russian and Negro mentalities. It may be so. Certainly Pushkin, Russia's greatest poet, had coloured blood, if that proves anything. But you cannot found good pictures on propaganda or on resentment of injustice, however human. In his desire to escape from the abysmal—brute and sentimental—nigger rôles thrust on him by Hollywood, Mr. Robeson has gone to the other extreme and looks like specialising in stories about demi-gods—chiefs of superhuman valour and cunning, like Bosambo, and now the hero of *Song of Freedom*. If he could just forget he is a negro, and make producers forget it too; if he would simply play normal human beings, in their mingled baseness and nobility, their greed and cruelty and sacrifice of self, then he would be one of the great actors of the world, instead of a tantalising possibility. *Song of Freedom* has its points—Mr. Robeson's grand singing, and some finely realistic exteriors, shot on the spot. But as art it is just an oleograph—sentimental, over-coloured and unreal.

AMERICANS, I fancy, admire *Anthony Adverse* for the same reason as they admire Niagara Falls and the Grand Canyon. It is Big. Ordinarily intelligent critics fell beneath its 1200 pages like men stunned by a blunt instrument. There is more fire and force, more real creative effort and originality in the 40,000 words of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, than in Hervey Allen's half-million. This is one reason why the film version is unimpressive. Mervyn LeRoy has directed as well as maybe; Fredric March, Claude Rains, Edmund Gwenn and a regiment of others all act competently, so far as their script will let them. But the sum total is almost negligible. You follow the picture with polite attention, and an hour or two later scenes are already fading from the memory.

IT has always been my conviction that Ian Hunter is an underrated actor who would be a star if he had his rights. Maybe he will be yet. In *To Mary, With Love* he has as thankless a rôle as can be imagined. For nine-tenths of the picture he has nothing to do but force a manly smile as he sees the girl he loves embracing someone else, and dry her tears when the rival lets her down. Obviously he had to do a Sydney Carton somewhere in reel nine, and when his chance comes he seizes it magnificently. Again he has nothing but words, but he puts them over with a sincerity and beauty of diction that recalled his unforgettable trench scene in Sean O'Casey's *Silver Tassie*.

Paul Robeson in "The Song of Freedom"

Paul Robeson's part in his new film is that of a dock labourer who became an opera star, an opera star who gave up his career for the kingship of his discovered and backward tribe. Elizabeth Welch plays his wife; on the left is one of the witch-doctors who appear in the film. Paul Robeson gives a fine performance, and sings superbly as always. "The Song of Freedom" had its world première at the Plaza ten days ago

Otto Dyar

Ley On — Actor and Restaurateur

When he is not acting brigand-general in the Gaumont-British film *O.H.M.S.*, Ley On runs his restaurant just off Wardour Street, and maybe teaches a co-star to eat chop-suey the right way. He has been a restaurateur for ten years; before that he was caterer at the Chinese Club, and earlier still a war-time interpreter in France, having left his native land in 1914. His generalship under Raoul Walsh's direction is by no means his first film part: he had an important rôle in Anna May Wong's *Flame of Love* in 1929, was in *Chu Chin Chow*, *Tiger Bay*, *Java Head*, and some more. He has acted on the London stage several times; do you remember the two Chinamen who got into jail with Sydney Howard in *Anything Goes*?—he was one of them

"Because of me a new life will begin"

Christianne (Greer Garson) discovers why her governess (Madge Titheradge) is willing to help her

"In fact like the people who inhabit

Lucien Galvoisier (Cecil Parker)

Left:

"I know what I know! There are things going on here"

Jean, the drunken butler (Victor Bogetti), gets the sack from Monsieur (Cecil Parker) but leaves a threat of blackmail behind him

flats, we have one thing in common—a front door"
his lovely, ridiculous wife, Alice (Isabel Jeans)

"Do be careful not to pick up a flea this time!"
Madame Galvoisier (Isabel Jeans) admonishes her husband

"Mademoiselle"

A French Family and Their Governess on the Wyndham's Stage

Mr. Farjeon has reviewed *Mademoiselle* earlier in this issue, which leaves little to be said of it here except to repeat that the acting is as brilliant as any to be seen in London. Madge Titheradge especially creates an unforgettable character by her performance as Mademoiselle, the repressed, frightening, tragic governess who so strangely finds an escape from her subordinate, unthankful existence. The play is by Jacques Deval, whose *Tovarich* was such a long-running success, the adaptation is by Audrey and Waveney Carten, and the rapid, witty production is Noel Coward's

Photographs by John Everard

Left: "I brought my certificates with me"
Mademoiselle (Madge Titheradge) arrives at her new post

"If you wanted a child so much, why didn't you marry?"
Like a trapped bird, Christianne (Greer Garson) struggles against her fate, with Mademoiselle as her gaoler and only help

Ellen Pollock — No Ordinary Lady

Ellen Pollock takes the name-part in the adaptation (by Martin Cumberland) of Louis Verneuil's comedy, *Guignol*, which starts its run at the Duke of York's to-night, after a week at Leeds. Jack Melford and D. A. Clarke-Smith are in it, too, and Campbell Grillan has produced. For about eighteen months, before starting rehearsals for this play, Ellen Pollock was the friend of the young couple in *The Dominant Sex*, a third-fiddle part in which she gave a most excellent and amusing performance. She is tall, good-looking and talented, but, above all, off stage and on, she possesses an unfailing, invaluable sense of humour

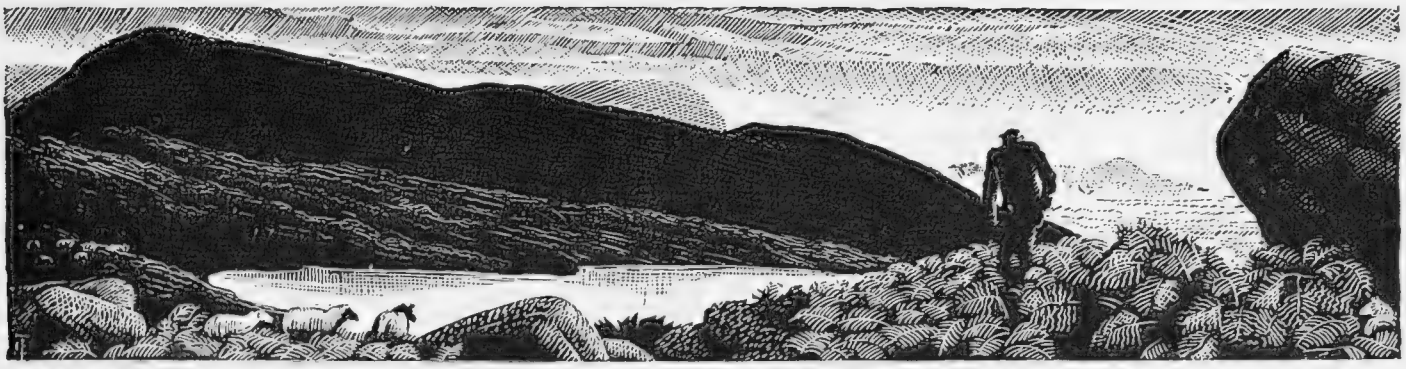
Howard Coster, London

John Gunther — Political Conductor

Fifty thousand people, not counting borrowers, have switchbacked their way round Europe with John Gunther as their entertaining and illuminating conductor. His *Inside Europe*, political best-seller of the year, has topped the 50,000 mark in its English edition, and the far-seeing publisher, Hamish Hamilton, whose name is on its cover, gave a reception to celebrate the event last week at the Ritz, on the day before the author and his wife left for America. Mr. and Mrs. Gunther and their son have been living in London (in Gower Street) for over a year; now John Gunther has given up political journalism to start novel-writing—he is only thirty-four, so he has time and to spare for his new career

Norman Parkinson

Angler's Return



"Bystander" Short Story No. 57

Impregnable Dream: By Jean Earle

Illustrations by C. F. Tunnicliffe

THE man came down from the hills with long, queer strides, like scissors opening and shutting. It was four o'clock of a November day.

Down he went, through the blue light, with the grazing sheep, and the cool, bitter scent of fern, and reached at last the little lake that very few knew of.

He had forgotten that it was so fair. He sat on a stone, and cupped his face in his hands. It was very still. There was only the sound as of a cat licking itself, made by the water washing the way of the wind. In the water, like a beautiful ghost, went a pink cloud out of the sky.

The man's face was wild and harsh, and a great scar ran jagged from lips to hair. But when he had sat awhile in the eerie silence, a hushed, expectant look came into his eyes. These were the hills he knew of old, with little hollows where a lover might lie, or a child build a house of stones. The tale of his years came back on the wind. He saw the fern fires, the lad ploughing, the marvellous joys and sorrows of his youth—his naked body cutting the black water, down through depths as cold as glass, the sky flying over him. He remembered his courting up on Caemawr, with bells ringing for chapel in the valley. Little heed he had paid to the calling of things, unless he wanted to answer—but he had come back to listen, now.

He waited to descend into the village until it was nearly dark. They rise early in the mountains, and go to bed when the animals do. Soon, every door would be fast against him, the moonlight white on the deserted street, the tops of the old trees waving lonely round the familiar house. He walked cautiously up that street. Nobody was about. On the cold air drifted smells of bacon frying, and wood burning, and the whiff of oil in the lamps. Voices chattered in Welsh, that tongue soft and rough as wool, with refrains like a spoken song. It was long since he had heard it, and his heart stirred.

He stood in the shadows outside the grocer's shop, and peered through the window. There were women inside, talking. The lumps of fat bacon, the biscuit tins, the stripy "loshins" in glass jars, were indistinct shapes. The hurricane lamp on the counter shone dimly upward to the rafters, burdened with buckets and pinafores, and a hundred mazy tangles of rope. He thought of the big, dirty town he had left, the noisy dock-side, the evil odours and sweats of those streets, and the woman with gold ear-rings he had owned there. They seemed like an old, queer dream.

WHEN the women had gone, he entered the shop. He was so tall that his head struck against the sides of bacon hung from the beams. A girl behind the counter shrank back with saucer eyes, whispered to the woman who sat on a box near the lamp.

"Indeed, missis, if it isn't a big tramp!"

He asked for a loaf, and while the girl wrapped it, he looked long and hard at the woman. A fleeting shame and trouble came into his face, seeming scarcely at home there. This was the woman he had courted up on Caemawr, years and years ago in the lovely sun of spring. She sat very stiff on her box. Her chin lifted towards him, as a dog smells in the dark. Her face listened. The withered body, swathed in its woollen shawl, listened too. Her eyes were closed purple shadows. She was blind.

He took the bread, uncertainly putting down sixpence, doubtful what to do next. He was fearful of making himself known too suddenly—she was so much the colour of an old candle. She spoke. Her smile looked strange, creasing round the sealed eyes.

"It's turned cold indeed. Is it far you have to go?"

He replied in Welsh that came haltingly to him now, that he was tramping to a town thirty miles away, but would find somewhere to sleep presently. He was startled when she rose, and felt about her for the young girl.

"Come you here, Gwenol fach—put the kettle on. If you care to eat by my fire, friend, you're very welcome round it."

THE man did not quite know what to make of this. Could she have recognised his voice? He had been careful to disguise it. He followed the girl into the well-remembered room.

Once it had seemed a poor place, but it looked fine to him now, with the fire, and the big kettle, and the china dogs on the shelf, and the red light dancing on them. The woman came slowly after, feeling herself along. He fancied there was a suppressed excitement in her manner.

"Look you here," he said abruptly. "Aren't you feared for me to come in here? There's things like robbery, missis—and murder!"

The girl spilt some water from the spout of the kettle as she pressed it on the fire, but the woman laughed quietly, rocking herself to and fro.

"Ay, I manage to feel people, if I can't see them! I'm afraid no more. Crippled—blind—what more can be done to me?"

The man sat watching the kettle, and the lappets of flame, and again that swift shame passed over his face. He heard a shuffling sound, and glanced round to find the woman inching herself and her chair nearer to him. He shivered—he felt sure now that she knew him, and as sometimes happens when we have most need of words, he could not speak.

It was so long since they two had lived under one roof, since his wild spirit, his young brutality, had tired of her, ill-used her, finally urged him to desert her. Twenty-eight long years, it was! Scenes from their past in this house, when she was strong and should have

been gay, when she was pretty and young and he had spoiled it all, when she loved him and he had turned her love into fear—these rose up and smote him. Thoughts of how often she must have been ailing and lonely before she was brought to this old woman's place in the chimney; memories which make it difficult for him to say, as he had planned—

"I am sorry at last for the way I behaved. My days are going, it is time I saw to my soul. I heard of you from a man who passed through here. I was troubled over my black state. I left my old ways, and the woman who was sorry to lose me, to come back to you, now you are helpless—and atone. I was told you were worse off than this; it seems to be a nice little business. I didn't think I should like staying, but I was willing to do so for the good of my sins. Now I 'm here, I find it good. It will be something to finish my life in peace and comfort, with the warm room, and folk coming in and out to talk to me, and a bit of your tinned tobacco for my pipe."

While he was desperately wondering how to put all this into words which might please her better than their naked truth, her bony, ivory face came twisting close to his. She settled her shawl and her skirts, wriggling comfortably into herself, as women do when they prepare to have a good gossip.

"Are you married, stranger?"

"Aye," he answered, after a pause. "I have a wife."

"Ah," she sighed, nodding her head with a kind of luscious melancholy. "I am a widow these twenty-eight years."

The man turned his eyes on her with a start.

"A fine man," she crooned. "Ah, he *was* a fine man now! Dark as a crow he was—tall as a tree. You are tall, also—I heard your head bump the bacon, out there in the shop!"

"Ay, I 'm tall—dark too," he replied, very slowly and distinctly. But she was lost in thought, her rapt face held to the fire, as if through the shut lids, the colours of the flame could penetrate.

"This husband of yours," pursued the man, in a peculiar tone. "You say he 's dead?"

She lifted her thin hands, and let them fall.

"The biggest funeral ever in the village. The flowers they put over him—indeed, you could smell them a mile. For he was a good man—very much respected—ay, indeed!"

THE man dropped the bread he was eating into the ash. His mouth gaped. He stared at her with the eyes popping out of his head. But the young girl was by them, so he controlled his surprise, and gazed again into the fire.

"A beautiful boy he was—strong as an ox, and so kind! Never woman had a better husband. I only hope your wife has one half as good. The more time passes, the more I see how good he was. And he died so lovely, with his head at my breast. 'Maggie,' he said, 'never grieve!'"

"Don't you think," said the man, breathing deeply, and playing with crumbs of bread, "that after twenty-eight years it 's hard to remember rightly what the dead were like?"

She sighed. "Only with the forgetting of leaves when there are none, or of rain while the sun 's warm," she replied softly. "They come again, the leaves and the rain—they take good care you don't forget them."

"How d' you mean?"

"He comes back to me," she whispered. The words dropped from her tongue as though they were gold. Her face quivered with brooding excitement, as she turned up her sightless eyes to him. There was a long silence.

"See here," he said roughly. "I don't hold with that talk! What d' you mean—he comes back to you?"

She was undisturbed. The faces of the blind are mysterious, and of another world. She had a shining look, a contentment, a luminosity. She spoke as simply as a child.

"When it 's very dark, he comes; and when I am in pain. He sits with me, as you do now, and listens to me groaning, and keeps me company. It 's all anyone can do for me now."

"And where might he be buried?" asked the man, in a low voice. She twisted her fingers in her lap. A troubled look came into her face.

"Ah," she said. "I seem to have forgot that—I don't remember more than the flowers, and the great stir there was, and what a fine man he was. It 's a long time, as you say, is twenty-eight years."

HE rose, and stared round at the old place. She sat still as a mouse in its hole, her blind face uplifted.

"Ay," he said at last. "I can see it 's even longer than I thought!"

He went into the shop, and spoke to the girl.

"Is it to everybody she talks like this?"

"Only to strangers," answered the girl. "She waits all day for any strangers. But we all know it 's not true. Her husband is not buried—anyway, nobody 's heard of it, and the other day someone saw him."

"Yes," said the man. "It is quite true. She has buried her husband."

"When did he die, then? Where is he buried?"

"He died when she had need for him to. He 's buried—too safe for him to return."

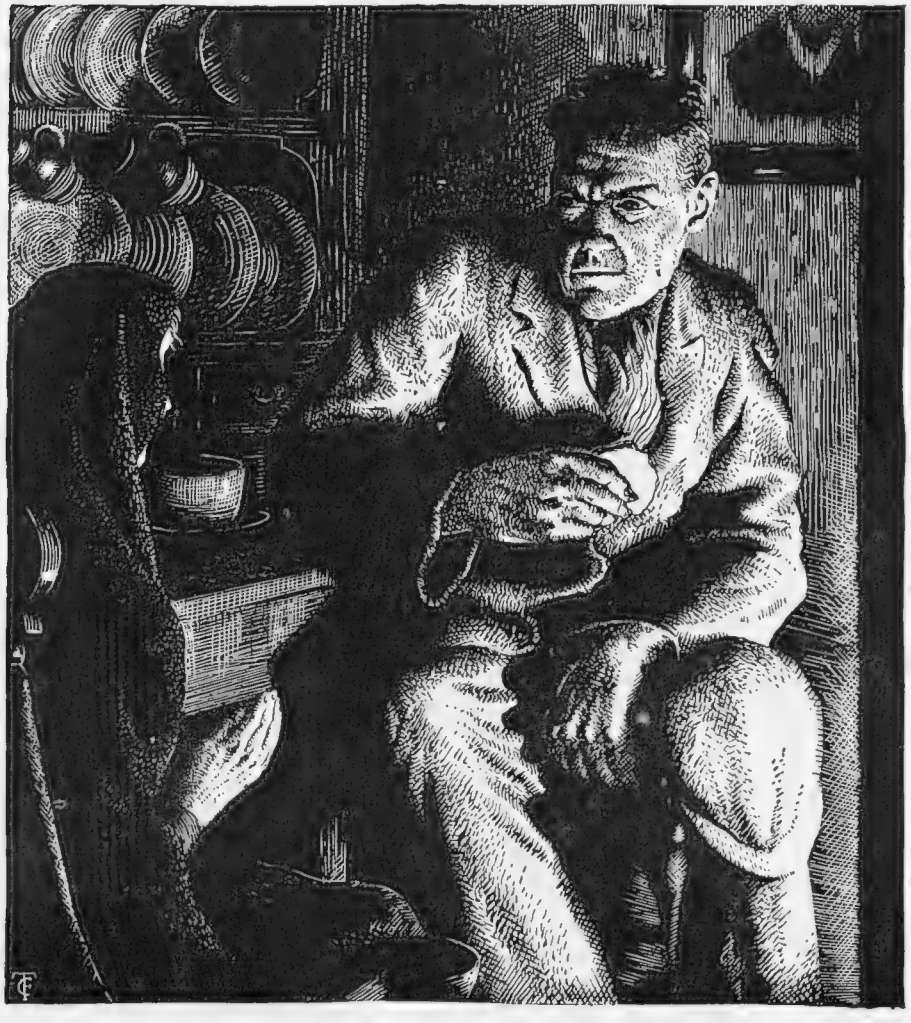
"Did you know him?" asked the girl, inquisitively.

He paused in the doorway, looking out on the darkness.

"No," he replied. "I did not know him."

He passed out of the house, and stood staring away into the cold hills, black under the moon.

THE END



"The biggest funeral ever in the village"

The Winner Takes the Lead

Here are F. W. Dixon and his co-driver, C. E. C. Martin, after the race—181 laps of the Brooklands' outer circuit at an average of 116.86 m.p.h.—and that took them over four and a half hours of driving

F. W. Dixon won the B.R.D.C.'s famous 500-miles race in his 2-litre Riley. A fortnight before he had won the International Tourist Trophy race at Belfast

Mrs. Kay Petre and Mrs. Elsie Wisdom were the only all-feminine team, driving a 1½-litre Riley. Valve trouble beat them after 300 miles

Five Hundred Miles!

The British Racing Drivers' Club Meeting at Brooklands

Mrs. Gwenda Stewart and R. L. Duller were co-drivers of the latter's big Dusenberg. They were still running when the race was stopped after the first four cars were home

Lord and Lady Curzon, Commander and Lady Georgiana Kidston, and Mrs. Jack Needham went down to watch the racing, and saw Lord Howe (father of Lord Curzon and Lady Georgiana Kidston) come in third with Brian Lewis as his co-driver

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

"A. J. B.": By Alan Thomas

THE publication of Mrs. Edgar Dugdale's life of her uncle, *Arthur James Balfour* (Vol. I.; Hutchinson; 18*s.*), is an addition of the first importance to our knowledge of a famous man, and of the times in which he lived. To her task Mrs. Dugdale has brought an intimate knowledge and love of her subject, a familiarity with the background of events based on family connections and personal friendships with many of the leading men and women who helped to mould those events, and a vigorous and singularly pleasing literary style.

Balfour was a man "on whom Fortune had showered almost every one of her richest gifts," and from his earliest days he was surrounded by "a highly vitalised family," a "close corporation," who took the liveliest and most intense pleasure in each other's society. Afraid of emotion, passionately interested in speculative thinking, never easy either to scandalise or to impress, clinging zealously to that part of his philosophy of life which eliminated all unnecessary pain, endowed with an intellect which was capable of showing itself "in lightning quickness of dialect and argument, in scorching power of sarcasm"—no wonder he earned the reputation, at all events in the eyes of those who did not know him, of being aloof, cold-hearted, even inhuman.

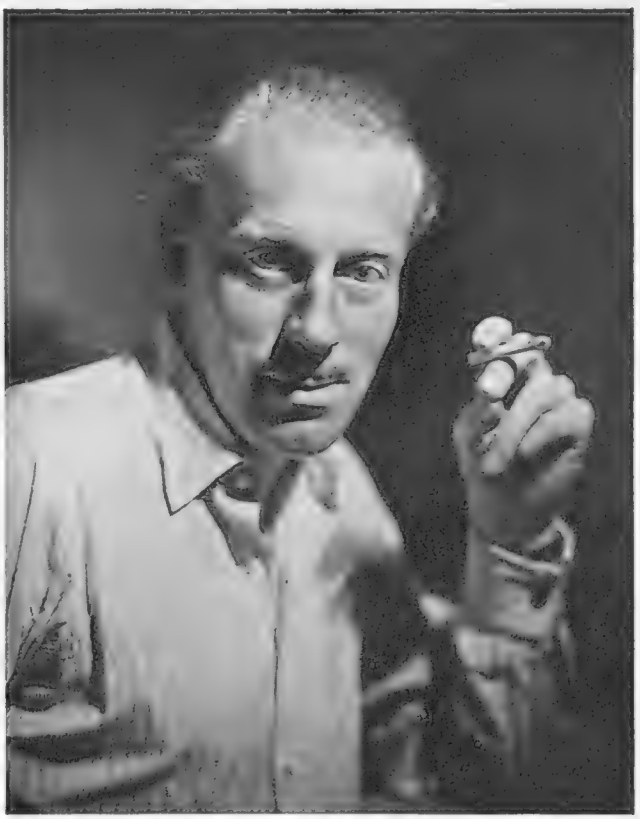
This legendary vision of him Mrs. Dugdale replaces with a living portrait. The first volume—I believe the other volume is due in a month or so—covers the first fifty-eight years of his life. In terms of politics the story begins with his first election address, written in 1874, and ends with the collapse of Balfour's Ministry in January 1906. But from a human point of view, and particularly in the case of a man like Balfour, the political side of a biography will give place in point of interest to the personal side. What manner of man was he? What was he like as a person to be with, to talk to, to live with in the house? Did he ever read detective stories? ("It was seldom that some work by Edgar Wallace or P. G. Wodehouse was absent from his bedside.") Did he like his food? ("He was on the whole easy to please. . . . He had no violent aversions, except for tapioca pudding. Plenty of cream was apt to be his criterion for dishes, just as velvet was his criterion for women's dress.") The chapter on Private Life in the 'Nineties, describing the kind of life that Balfour (or "Nunky" as he was called) led at Whittingehame, if it does not dispose of his aloofness, blows the "cold-hearted" "inhuman" legend to smithereens.

By the end of Volume I. the foundations of his career had already been laid, though his Premiership had not placed him in the front rank of British Statesmanship. The second period of his life was, in Mrs. Dugdale's words: to "bring him to as high a position in the Councils of the Empire, as ever fell to the lot of an elder statesman." Volume II. will be eagerly awaited.

"SHERSTON'S PROGRESS," by Siegfried Sassoon (Faber and Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*), leads him to no Wicket-Gate. In the *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*, you may remember, we left him at Slateford War Hospital, after making his formal protest against the continuation of the war, and it is to an account of his experiences in this hospital that the first part of the present volume is devoted. In delicate, sensitive, and extremely self-conscious prose, this "professional ruminator" ruminates on his feelings and his fellow inmates. The man in charge of the hospital was the late W. H. R. Rivers, and it is to Rivers' wonderful understanding and sympathy (the whole book is in a sense a tribute to Rivers) that Sherston owed his recovery—if recovery is the word. For what it amounted to was a realisation that "going back to the war as soon as possible was my only chance of peace." He went back via Ireland, where the pleasures of the hunt were revived in company with a hard-drinking, popular oddity known as The Mister. Thence he was transferred to Palestine and ultimately to France, where he suffered the inglorious fate of being wounded in the head by one of his own sergeants. The final picture is of him lying in bed in a London hospital with Rivers at his side. "It is only from the inmost silences of the heart that we know the world for what it is, and ourselves for what the world has made us." That is the conclusion to which Sherston's progress has led him in the final volume of a trilogy likely to become a classic in the art of reminiscence and self-revelation.

MRS. JOSEPHINE KAMM'S *All Quiet at Home* (Longmans; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is pure Golder's Green. The family of Camerons who live there are the Everymans of Suburbia. All the domestic events and catastrophes that make life in outer London what it is are here set down with a little malice and a good deal of wit. Mrs. Kamm's observation is acute, and her portrait of Penelope as a wife and mother hasn't a false line. Penelope coping with her stodgy husband, looking after her three children with their problems and ailments, running a house with an inadequate maid, finds life a bore. As a way of escape she has a clandestine and not very convincing affair with a humourless young man. It comes to an abrupt conclusion when he turns Buchmanite and talks of "coming clean" by confessing all to her husband. So once more life for Penelope has to be undiluted Golder's Green. Mrs. Kamm is better at telling a story than inventing one, but her narrative is lively and amusing and her descriptions of Oxford Group meetings are delicious fun. I commend this book to those who like the study of domestic interiors.

MR. ARTHUR STANLEY, who compiled *The Bedside Book* and *The Fireside Book*, has now given us *The Testament of Man* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It is an anthology of the spirit and aims at offering the reader "a collection of prose and poetry which, broadly speaking, represents man's interpretation of the world according to his higher nature." The selection extends from the ancients to present-day writers. One section, headed The Blanket of the Dark, contains extracts bearing on the war. "Higher nature" sounds forbidding, but this book contains more than "whispers from the spiritual world": there is the stuff of humanity in it. A book like this is a lasting treasure.



Howard Coster

Gerard Fairlie

Is the author of a new book called "Moral Holiday," which is being published on October 1st by Hutchinson. Pre-view news is that it's a very different book to his habitual thrillers. He used to write on golf in the "Bystander," but gave that up for the film world, first in Hollywood, now in England. Maybe his greatest claim to fame was to have been the original of Sapper's "Bulldog Drummond"

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Philip Harben

A slender black velvet frock with diamanté shoulder straps, makes a perfect foil for this graceful evening wrap in Russian ermine. It is hip length with a loose swing back, cape sleeves and a rounded collar which frames the face. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, who specialise in sumptuous furs, are showing it together with many other lovely models. Among these is a three-quarter length ermine cape which follows the new line of dipping at the back, and is enriched with silver fox. The latter is a fur which becomes increasingly fashionable every day, partly because it flatters both young and old. It is made into capes of varying lengths for day or evening, and is very effective as a trimming for black American broadtail

Take Your Choice Of Tweeds

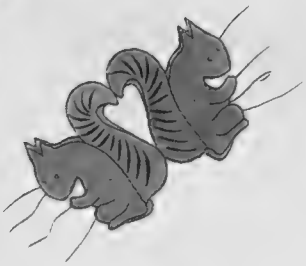
Tweeds this season are particularly interesting, as they are not only very varied in texture but exceptionally artistic in colour scheme. All sorts of vivid shades are thrown together at random, and unusual materials, such as cork and feathers, are incorporated in their weave. Pictured on this page are two suits from the sportswear department at Harrods, Knightsbridge. The model above consists of a rough tweed jacket shading from nigger brown to canary yellow, flecked here and there with orange. It is accompanied by a plain brown wrap-over skirt. On the right is a two-piece ensemble, with three-quarter length swagger coat in red and navy check tweed threaded with cork spots. The dark blue jersey frock is cut on tailored lines with chromium fastenings, square shoulders and a scarlet belt

Lenare

The Bystander Twins in search of Novelties

PICTURED BY PAM

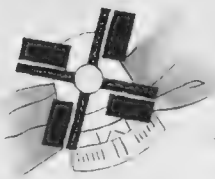
DISCOVERED BY PETA



Squirrels, sitting back to back, busily munching nuts, form an original buckle for a suède or cloth belt. They are made in various bright shades of galalite and cost 6 s. 11 d. at Darnley's, 7a, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, and branches

When choosing a gift, it should be remembered that something practical is always appreciated. The cigarette lighter above, which is of gold, includes a watch, and is a perfect reproduction of a grandmother clock: it comes from Dunhill's, 30, Duke Street, Piccadilly

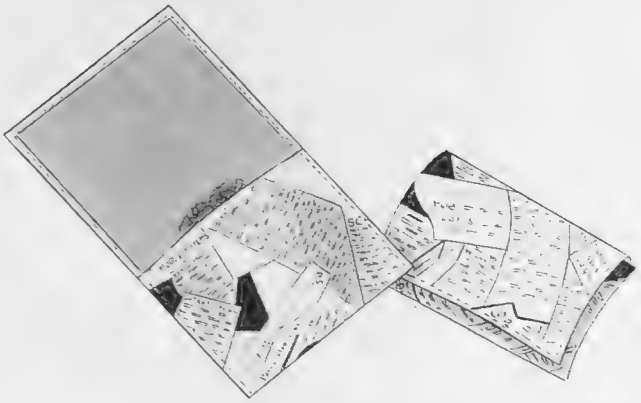
Touches of white lend an added chic to the suit on the left. The complete set of fish-shaped buttons, clip and buckle come from Darnley's, and are sold separately



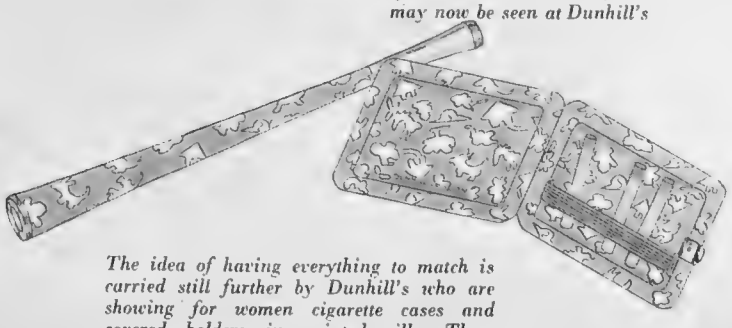
A pristal windmill in black and white is another idea for a buckle. It is designed by Darnley's, and would lend a touch of individuality to a plain wool frock

There is no end to the large variety of interesting dress etceteras to be seen at Darnley's. Sketched above is a round clasp for 8s. 11d., in the shape of a clock

Present your friends with a solid gold five-pound piece, and watch their surprise when they find a watch concealed inside. The one on the left was issued at the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, and may now be seen at Dunhill's



Men are difficult to please where presents are concerned, so Dunhill's have brought out something different in the way of tobacco pouches. The one above is of printed silk lined with oilskin. It looks just like a newspaper, and costs 10s. 6d.



The idea of having everything to match is carried still further by Dunhill's who are showing for women cigarette cases and covered holders in printed silk. These can be made to order in any material

Golf Clubs at Home

East Brighton

The East Brighton Golf Club was founded in 1893 as the Ovingdean Golf Club. An early record contains names of members who guaranteed 10s. for green upkeep in the first six months. Next year the first Spring Meeting was held when the scratch prize was won by Dr. Goff, with 92. The year after that the nine holes were extended to the present eighteen

(1) A. W. Berry (captain). (2) F. E. Nunneley (director) and F. H. Begbie (committee). (3) F. E. Binns (secretary and ex-captain) and L. V. Cox (hon. treasurer). (4) H. R. Pring (committee) and L. W. Hoey (director). (5) Major Carlo Campbell (director and ex-captain) and R. J. Messent (director). (6) F. H. Noble (oldest playing member) and E. G. V. H. Holden (director and committee). (7) C. V. Morris and J. H. Arnold (ex-captains). (8) E. W. Payne and E. Cutts (committee). (9) C. Parsons (professional) and C. B. Webb (steward)

Left: Lady Pamela Berry, Baron Hubert Pantz, Mme. Walde and Count Hans Czernin were also at Mittersill, the new sports and shooting club which opened this year. The two men in the group are two of its three directors

Below: Mr. Percy Musker and Lord Sandhurst won the foursomes match-play competition at Sheringham, were presented with a cup each and filled them with roses out of the garden at Links Cottage, Sheringham, where Lord and Lady Sandhurst have spent the summer

All Sorts of Sport in Austria

Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Lady Honor Channon, Baroness Leo d'Erlanger, and Lady Brownlow, on the terrace at Schloss Mittersill, near Salzburg

Sport for Socialites

Right: the Hon. Claudia Betterton and Mr. Derek Allhusen were fishing in Loch Ness. They were staying at Drummadrochit Hotel, where Claudia Betterton's parents, Lord and Lady Rushcliffe, have had Mr. Neville Chamberlain as one of their guests

Fishing in Scotland

Golf in Norfolk

Golf at Gleneagles

This group of Gleneagles golfers was made up of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Cayzer, Miss Hope Madden, Mr. Bernard Cayzer, Miss Anne Grotrian, Sir August Cayzer and Mr. Alec Gurney. Sir August Cayzer's place is Gartmore, in Perthshire

Tennis at Peebles

Miss Helena Perrott came out to congratulate her fiancé, Lord Maitland, after he had won the men's singles in the Lowland Tournament at Peebles. Behind them are Lady Sylvia Maitland and Mr. Anderson, who was runner-up to Lord Maitland

Howard Marshall on Rugger

A Plea for Planning

THE Rugby football season always seems to start for me with the journey to the Rectory Field. I have not yet discovered a short cut to Blackheath from the south-west by road, and I am a little tired of circling forlornly round the Crystal Palace and the remoter amenities of Dulwich, but that is beside the point. The London season is in full swing, and Blackheath, when I saw them playing on an uncomfortably hot day against Rosslyn Park, shaped very well.

IT is, I suppose, not surprising that the first few matches of the year are confused and ragged, decided more by individual prowess than by team-work. I don't propose to be critical, for I know what early games are like—it 's a job for the player to keep breathing, let alone use his intelligence—but in this particular match there were no clear outlines, no sharply defined attacks such as those which characterised the game between England and New Zealand last winter. Plenty of dashing forward work, some determined running and clever opportunism, and there you are. From that confusion a result emerges, and the critically-minded can dismiss Rugby football as all brawn and no brain.

WHAT is to be done about it? How does plan evolve from chaos? Not, let me say at once, by undue solemnity. It may even be that time is the only necessity—time for the players to settle down and find one another, time for training, time for practising the elementary arts. And how bad, to be sure, the elementary arts were in that game! Passing, for example, was a blind jerking of the ball across the body—not the turn of the body, the rhythmical swing which sends the ball fast and true to its objective. And kicking was feeble, and dribbling uncontrolled.

This, mind you, is doubtless true of every opening game of the season, though I think such apparently simple things as passing and kicking might profitably be practised far more conscientiously by the general run of players.

AS for the general improvement in design and purpose, this is merely a matter of taking thought. We might even go so far as taking a blackboard, and working out together a few schemes aimed at a particular defence.

"A" club suspects, for instance, that "B" club has a defensive weakness in midfield. Very well. Tactics will be evolved to exploit that weakness. "A" club knows that "B's" stand-off half is an individualist. "A" therefore plans to allow "B's" stand-off half to run through a gap, when he may be cut off from his three-quarter line.

Very simple, and you would think that every club gave at least so much thought to the game. Not a bit of it. In many clubs the players do not meet from one Saturday to the next, and then the captain may collect his men in the dressing-room just before the kick-off and say: "Look here, chaps, these fellows have got a strong pack—we 've got to go like blazes—and for the Lord's sake put your men down—that 's all." And that literally is all—the rest is left to the inspiration of the moment.

A PITY, for Rugby football repays collective planning and team-work.

There is nothing more satisfactory than playing in a team which does attempt to carry out carefully-formulated schemes of attack and defence. Rugby football's main weakness these last few years has been a lack of constructive thought, and I sometimes wonder whether players nowadays are prepared to give as much time to the game as they once did.

I have heard here and there complaints from the secretaries of leading clubs of a falling-off in the numbers of members who turn up to practice and trial games at the beginning of the season. One great club, for instance, mustered only sixty-five players this year at their trials against 140 last year. Rather significant, surely. It may not mean that the game is losing popularity. I am sure, indeed, that it is more popular than ever. What this defection does suggest is that youngsters are less willing than they were to put themselves out and take trouble. They will turn up for matches, but practice games? No, thank you.

THIS, however, is a digression. I was pondering the raggedness of general play, with special reference to the elementary principles. Wheeling the scrummage, now—there is an ancient practice, woefully neglected. Rosslyn Park attempted it against Blackheath, much to my delight, but they merely attempted to scuffle the ball round the fringes of the scrum. When, I wonder, shall we see the proper wheel again?—the scrummage scientifically and violently swung by the front row, the second row, and the back row flung wide with the ball, the opposing forwards thrown clear. I know the young men say that the wheel is impracticable against the alert, quick-breaking packs of to-day, but this I do not believe. If a pack is led by a man who knows his job, the occasions for wheeling are wisely chosen, and a wheel can be turned into a straight shove if opponents break too quickly. It is not so easy to stop an effective wheel, as anyone who has played against a really competent pack will agree. The sluggish, incompetent modern wheel is a very different matter—more an after-thought than a sudden attacking stroke, which it should be.

Haphazard, that 's the trouble. Much of our Rugby football is far too haphazard. We know the moves, but we do not lead up to the occasion for them. We wait for opportunities to appear, and we see them just that split second too late for them to be effective. There should be a continuing purpose behind the play of a really good side. Every member of the side should be in the know, and prepared for swift adaptations of strategy. The special capabilities of individual players should be weapons held in reserve, and wielded by the concerted efforts of the whole team.

You may tell me that all this is too serious, since Rugby football is just a pleasant way of spending a Saturday afternoon. Well, I shall disagree with you. Rugby football is a great game, a very great game. At least we can pay it a small tribute by devoting to it a reasonable amount of time, thought and trouble

Oxford Captain

Malcolm McGowan Cooper (Massey Agricultural College, N.Z., and University College) is Oxford's captain this season. He and Obolensky are Oxford's only internationals, Jackson, Rees Jones, McShane and McGrath having all left

Cambridge Captain

Charles D. Laborde (Harrow and St. Catherine's) has played for Cambridge since he was a 1933 freshman, and is now captain, succeeding Kenneth Fyfe, who has gone down, as have the other two Cambridge internationals Cliff Jones and Wooller

Blackheath v. Rosslyn Park

J. O. Sowerbutts, the new Blackheath scrum-half, and P. F. Cooper, Rosslyn Park three-quarter, in the first match of the season at the Rectory Field, which Blackheath won by 23 points to nil

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Miss Marion Burrell

First-day picture of Miss Burrell who is Sir William Burrell's only child. Her father owns Hutton Castle, in Berwickshire

The Earl of Rosslyn

Everyone told Lord Rosslyn how well he was looking after his Baden-Baden cure. His sister, Lady Angela St. Clair-Erskine, runs Gosford Guest House with great success

Paddock Gossip

Miss Grizel Riddell-Carr, Lady Jane Scrope, Lady Margaret Egerton and Miss Walsh made up this quartet. Lady Jane Scrope married into the Yorkshire family two years ago ; she and Lady Margaret Egerton are two of Lord and Lady Ellesmere's six daughters

Scottish Racing

The Edinburgh Autumn Meeting at Musselburgh

Lord Derby and Sir Percy Loraine

Lord Derby ran his Robber Chief in the Edinburgh Gold Cup, but it wasn't placed. Sir Percy Loraine is Ambassador to Turkey ; before that he was High Commissioner for Egypt

Lady Georgiana Hay was talking to Mr. Peter Oldfield, who goes racing most days of most weeks. She is Lord and Lady Tweeddale's younger daughter, and stayed with Lady Dumfries for Musselburgh

Left : Miss Ann Maitland and Mr. Pat Telfer Smollett were staying in Sir Mark Dalrymple's party at Newhailes, near Musselburgh. She came out as a Jubilee debutante, and he has just gone into the H.L.I., his father's regiment

Walking round together above are Mr. John Tollemache, Lady Sylvia Maitland, and Miss Marjory Napier

Mr. Oswald Barclay, the Secretary of the Musselburgh Club, is talking to Miss Bebe Daniels, the film star, who went racing with her husband, Mr. Ben Lyon

Miss Judith Wilkinson, daughter of Major-General Sir Percival Wilkinson, is talking to the Hon. Mrs. David Balfour (Araminta Peel that was) who had lately got back from her Majorcan honeymoon

Right: Miss Eileen Tweedie comes from North Berwick; Miss Anne Marshall is the daughter of Major Marshall, steward of several Scottish race-meetings; Miss Margaret Mackenzie is a sister of the Laird of Dolphinston, who is marrying Miss Delia Clark next month in London

Three Native Decorations

Miss Jean Weir, daughter of Mr. "Jimmy" Weir, Miss Valerie Wilson, and Miss Heather Kincaid Lennox sat in a row on their shooting sticks and had their pictures taken. This was on the quieter second day at Musselburgh, when there aren't so many people because it's not a public holiday in Edinburgh, as it is on the Monday

Lord Haddington and Lady O'Neill walked round together. Lady O'Neill still spends part of the late summer playing golf at North Berwick, as she and her sister, Lady Long, always did when they were Ann and Laura Charteris

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The American Amateur Championship

THE members of our Walker Cup team played very much better in the American Amateur Championship at Garden City than they did at Pine Valley, and the majority of them will return to England with at least one victory over an American in a golf match of importance. Some may argue that playing on a course at Garden City, which is less difficult than Pine Valley, was to the advantage of our players because on an easier course the worst player has more chance of beating the better. I personally do not think that this was the reason for the improved performances of our golfers. I think the reason was that, when this Championship took place, our players had had time to get their land legs and to get used, to a certain extent, to the changes of climate and food.

If you consider his age and the little experience he has had of big golf, you must realise that J. D. A. Langley put up a particularly fine performance in reaching the fifth round. It is true he was then beaten by a very big margin, but his conqueror, J. Goodman, who won the American Open Championship in 1933, is an extremely experienced as well as an extremely good player. It is no mean feat to get through one round in the American Amateur Championship: to get as far as the fifth round is indeed a magnificent performance for a boy who has just left school.

IT was very pleasant to see a Briton, in Jack McLean, in the final. I do not know the course at Garden City or if McLean is now longer off the tee; if he is not, length cannot be so important at Garden City as it is on the Old Course at St. Andrews. McLean led in the thirty-six holes final at nearly every stage except at the one where it really matters: he was two at lunch-time, three up at the twenty-seventh, and dormie one. Fischer played both the thirty-sixth and thirty-seventh holes in one less than par and thus gained his victory.

IT is really most unfortunate to be one up playing the thirty-sixth hole and to play it and the thirty-seventh in par and yet lose, but a similar fate befell Major C. K. Hutchison in the final of the Amateur Championship at Muirfield in 1909. Major Hutchison was one up and two to play, and played the last two holes perfectly, only to lose them and the Championship. A strong wind was experienced on the day on which the semi-finals were played, and there is no doubt that this was to McLean's advantage, as, like all North Britons, he is used to playing in unfavourable weather conditions. Americans do not like playing in a wind, and friendly games in their country are often cancelled if the wind is at all strong. Nevertheless, when the good American players have of necessity to play in a wind, even if they do not like it they manage to play just as well as those who are accustomed to these conditions.

THE last Briton to play in the final of the American Amateur Championship was T. P. Perkins, who lost by 10 and 9 to Bobby Jones at Brae Burn in 1928. Perkins is now a professional golfer, a naturalised American, and gets shot at by gangsters. Only one Briton has won the American Amateur Championship—namely, H. H. Hilton, who was extremely lucky to beat F. Herreshoff on the thirty-seventh green at Apawamis in 1911. At the deciding hole Hilton's approach shot hit a rock and rebounded into play. Herreshoff had trained and practised very hard for this Championship. At lunch-time on the day of the final he was so many holes down and his chance of victory so remote, that he decided to break training; the result was, as I have recorded, that he won back all the holes he had lost and in the end he was very unlucky to be beaten where he was. It is always a very difficult matter to discover the best method of training for any game and especially so for the game of golf, but one thing is certain at all games—namely, that it is very much better to be under-trained than over-trained.

Old Alleynian G.S. Meeting

Colonel R. S. Allen and Sir Percy Thompson, both of the Royal Mid-Surrey, are with S. H. Fry, captain of the Old Alleynian G.S., who went round in 70, and won the point-scoring competition with a score of 44½. His handicap is 6

IT was only a week or so ago when I was commenting on the play in the *News-Chronicle* Tournament that I mentioned how well D. J. Rees, the Surbiton assistant, has been playing this season. Rees, who has lately won the *News of the World* Tournament, is the first assistant ever to win this event, which is generally considered the match play professional championship. This performance for a young man of twenty-three years of age is so good that it is worth while giving the details of his victories: he beat in turn A. M. Dailey, a Scottish International player, by 3 and 2; J. A. H. Donaldson, another Scottish International golfer, by the same amount; C. S. Denny, an English International player, by one hole; N. Sutton, who had previously beaten Henry Cotton, by 4 and 3; Percy Alliss, who surely one day must win the Open, by 2 and 1; and E. R. Whitcombe by one hole.

REES's performance in the thirty-six holes final was a most gallant affair. He was five down at lunch-time and still five down with fourteen to play. At this stage Whitcombe took three putts on the fifth green and lost the hole. Winning this hole unexpectedly set Rees alight, and from here on he played really wonderful golf. Starting from the fifth tee, he did one hole in five, seven holes in three each, and the remainder in four each. The nine holes from the fifth to the thirteenth he holed in a total of 30 strokes.

WHILE congratulating Rees on his great performance, we cannot help sympathising with Whitcombe: to have a lead of five holes at lunch-time and then to complete the course in approximately 73 strokes and get beaten is certainly a little hard, to say the least. Whitcombe certainly did not crack—he was broken.

The "Sphere" Invitation Meeting

Mr. William Graham, the chairman of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., is presenting the "Sphere" Challenge Cup to L. M. Masius, the winner. The meeting took place last week at Addington

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Women's Golf

Hayling

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

THIS is the sort of afternoon on which it seems rather an outrage to sit indoors and write to you, or anybody else for that matter. There is a cloudless blue sky, out of which the sun shines pleasantly, without being fierce; there is a delicious breeze—no more—from the east, and only that keeps me from hearing the sea. Above all, within half a mile of me lies the Hayling course, with a multitude of problems which I should dearly like to go and tackle again, one round over it having whetted my appetite for more. Of course, there is to-morrow; but to-morrow the wind may blow, or the rain rain; as one gloomy fellow observed when we remarked just now on the beauty of the weather: "Well, but the championship hasn't started yet."

IT would be stupid to try and pick the winner, either of the county finals, or of the English, by name; but of this I am convinced, it will be a team and a player of resource and placid temperament. Hayling is a course for courage over the lines to be taken, and still more over the lies to be played from. The ball appears to lie close, even cupped now and again, and the timid golfer, or one used only to the velvet sward of inland courses, will fancy that she meets with a succession of questionable lies. In a tight match, if one were lacking confidence, they might seem so. But actually they are only "seaside," and the golfer who does not expect to find every ball sitting up will find it quite easy to pick up her shots, for the turf is light and friable, so that even a wooden club cuts through it, so the player can disregard difficulties which are more apparent than real.

But it is no place for the park golfer, being a fine, full-flavoured seaside links which gives no quarter to the weakling nor encouragement to the faint-hearted.

If the wind blows, heaven help everybody. Apparently we are all expecting it. Trousers have blossomed in some unexpected quarters, crimson linen being the latest wear; report has it that the originator of them has decided to relinquish them for something else, but if Hayling weather does its worst, she may well change her mind. I might even lift my own personal life ban on a beret and affect one myself if the gale gets up.

Central England Foursomes

The winners and the runners-up—J. B. Ellis (Woodhall) and Miss D. Taylor (Seacroft) beat Miss G. Cradock-Hartopp (Chatsworth) and J. S. F. Morrison (Sunningdale) by 3 and 2 in the finals of the Woodhall Spa Mixed Foursomes. Ellis is a Cambridge undergraduate whose handicap has dropped from 22 to 2 in the last two years. Miss Taylor has been ex-champion of Lincolnshire

THE draw for Ranelagh has been made: a good one, naturally, since the Scottish foursomes precedent was followed, and the eight lowest handicap pairs were seeded into the eight different quarters, with some slight mercy, too, for the next four lowest pairs, who cannot meet those seeded ones

(*Concluded on page* ii)

Imitation suits

UNLIKE other industries where mass production has lowered overhead costs, in tailoring hand labour is still essential, and a machine made suit always looks the poor imitation that it is. By clever manipulation, it is possible to press a little style into a machine made suit, but after the suit has been worn once or twice, this will evaporate. For the real function of hand sewing lies in the inner construction of a coat; in the careful moulding, after shrinking, of the interlinings.

This hand sewing is extremely expensive, and for that reason you cannot get a hand sewn suit of good material for less than ten guineas.

And even "Lightning" fasteners—that mechanical innovation for trousers which, after seven years of experiment, we adopted last year—need careful insertion by hand if they are to give the clean line to trousers for which they are intended.

There are many excellent tailoring houses in the neighbourhood of Bond Street and Savile Row where England's finest materials are sewn—by hand—into suits which ensure that London sets the male fashions of the world.

Our workmanship is no better than that of any other first class firm which employs only West End 'log' journeymen tailors.

Nor will our materials last any longer. But many of them are made to our own exclusive designs and are unobtainable elsewhere. And our style of cutting, though easy and unexaggerated, always looks just far enough ahead.

If machine labour could effectively take the place of hand sewing, our prices would be lower. As this is not possible without loss of style we charge fourteen to eleven guineas for lounge suits, nineteen to seventeen guineas for tails.

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ILLUSTRATED on the left is a Twin Set for autumn consis ing of a cardigan and pullover in an unusual knitted design that is exclusive to us. The cardigan has useful pockets. In oatmeal, turquoise, navy, sunburn, nigger sandal, grey and mustard.

23/6
EACH GARMENT

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KNIT WEAR GROUND FLOOR.

Women's Golf *(Continued from page 588)*

before last sixteen. How it will work at Ranelagh remains to be seen, for if there is one place more than another where surprises happen, Ranelagh is the place, and the low handicaps may be no more worthy of seeding than anybody else. They might, perhaps, even prefer to meet a couple of their own calibre, and fight to the death then and there, rather than somebody who has to be given a packet of strokes. It would be interesting if players would tell one afterwards what they feel about it; perhaps it might be possible to take a show of hands at the prize-giving, after Miss Joyce Wethered (who has kindly promised to come and present the cups) has handed over their due rewards to the winners.

Now that the International meeting of the L.G.U. at Ranelagh has been abandoned, competition will probably grow keener and keener to play there, such being the contrariness of human nature. Such a thing has been foreshadowed in these pages; so has the abandonment of the qualifying round for the Open Championship—says she, in her best heavy leading-article manner—and now both these things have come to pass it is only natural to wonder what will happen. Six and under, which has been fixed as the handicap limit for next year's Open, seems liberal. Turnberry is an immensely popular course, and Ayrshire so thickly populated with low-handicap golfers that it is possible to picture an entry of overwhelming size. Still, one round of match play can eliminate them even faster than qualifying rounds, so we must hope for the best. After all, if the Championship did stretch out beyond the allotted span, who would object to a few extra days at the delectable Turnberry? Not I, for one, nor anybody else that I can think of.

It is to be hoped that the overseas golfers, of whom no doubt there will be many here for the Coronation, will be able to stay on for the Championship. The L.G.U. is arranging a meeting for them near London at the time of the ceremony, and we shall hope to see them, of course, at our BYSTANDER One-Day Spring Medal Foursomes, of which date and course are still to be fixed.

That, by the way, is a bright idea. I am sure it is my duty to go round to the club-house here and now at Hayling, and see what everybody who is anybody wishes about dates for those foursomes. A lovely excuse that, for getting out of doors again this glorious afternoon. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Some More Players at Woodhall Spa

J. Hunt (Luffenham Heath) and Mrs. N. Ladds (Peterborough) were semi-finalists, losing to Miss Cradock-Hartopp and J. S. F. Morrison, the runners-up, by 3 and 2

Mrs. Wardrop and B. C. Morrison (Woodhall) were the other semi-finalists, losing 6 and 5 to the winners. They are with Mr. and Mrs. King Bowman (Seacroft), whom they beat 2 and 1 in the third round

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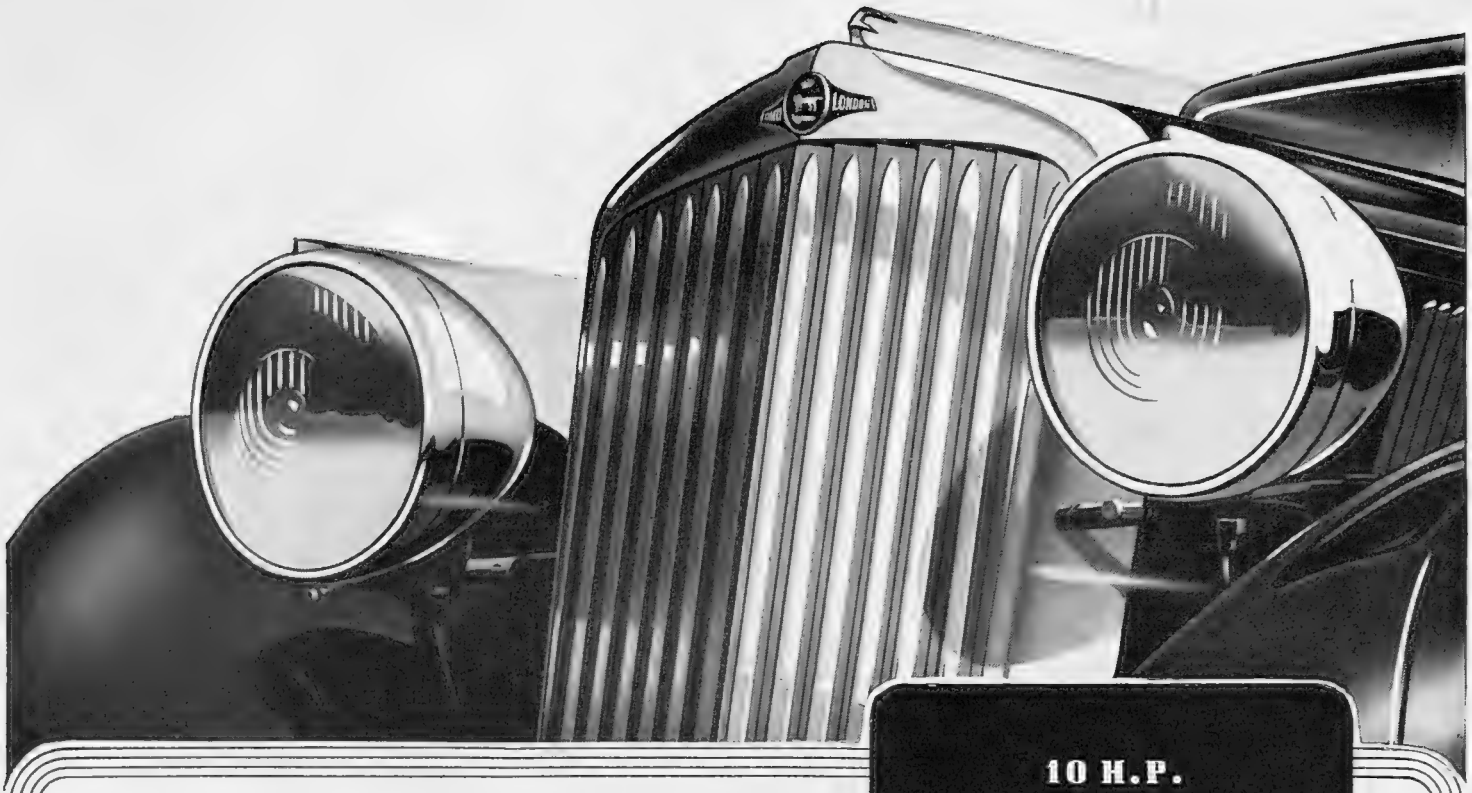

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By Charles Ward

The Race Is On

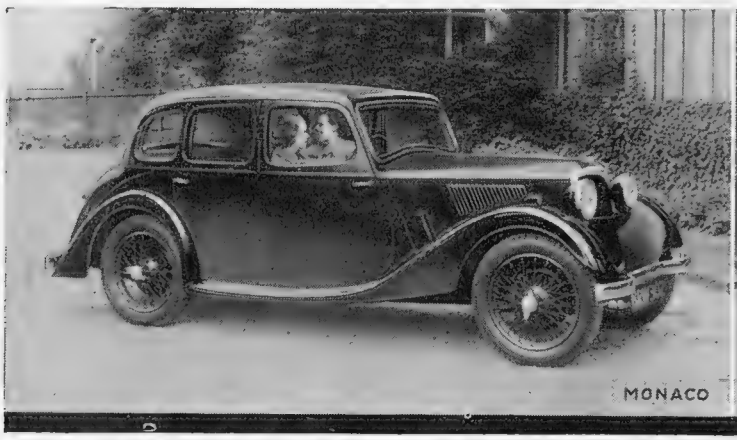
WEATHER permitting, the Race to Johannesburg was started yesterday morning from Portsmouth Airport, and the winner should be declared to-morrow, Thursday. The tragic accident to Tom Campbell Black has cast a shadow over the event. No one realises the risks inseparable from racing better than the pilots themselves, but the particular form of crash that cost the life of one of the most attractive personalities amongst our senior pilots had nothing to do with racing. Taxi-ing accidents occur with far more frequency than is generally known, but they seldom result in injury to personnel. Unless pilots are located in a position where they have an almost perfect view, collisions on the ground will continue to occur, and not the least of the designer's difficulties is that the seat for a good view in the air is not necessarily the same as that for safety on the deck. The small numbers of starters in the Race is a disappointment, and is due, no doubt, partly to short notice, but also to the absence of international competition, such as that which offered the MacRobertson Trophy to the world. If the Airspeed Envoy is unplaced, the result will be another Gipsy triumph, for every engine, except the Siddeley "Cheetahs" in the Envoy, comes from the house of de Havilland. Gipsys have acquired a habit of keeping on keeping on, and what is five days to cover a mere 6000 odd miles!

Charles Scott, with his co-pilot, Giles Guthrie in the cockpit of the Vega Gull which has been entered for the race to South Africa by Sir Connop Guthrie, the well-known industrialist. Guthrie, who is at Cambridge, will be the youngest competitor. He flew with Charles Gardner when the latter won the King's Cup this year

All Mails By Air

NEWS from Australia that the Government is willing to play on the matter of using flying-boats all the way to Sydney and of participating in the scheme for sending first-class letter mail by air without surcharge is most welcome. The decision entails a sacrifice by Australia for the time being, in that there will be a loss of revenue to offset increased subsidies to air transport, and the landplane route across the Continent will not get much benefit from Imperial traffic, but against this must be set the advantages of a through route operated with one type and size of aircraft under the same technical control, the connection to New Zealand that will follow in a few years and the general benefit to trade which must accrue when the seven-day schedule is in full flight. Australia has greater need to develop flying-boats and

(Concluded on page vi)



CHOICE OF THE CHOICEST

It's already fairly certain that we shall sell a lot of (a) 9-h.p. Monacos and (b) 1½ Litre Falcons, but we might just as well admit that we don't know which of the two we shall sell most of.

Of course, the "Nine" has tradition behind it, stability of price, economy of running, and a soundish reputation—bit of a halo, in fact

The 1½ Litre, on the other hand, being a "Twelve" costs a little more to tax and run, and £17 more to buy; but for that you get a slightly better flat-out speed, a bit more power on the hills, a bit more zip at the traffic lights, and a bit more room for the family.

In a way, we're rather glad we're selling them instead of buying them (that sounds rather on the honest side, don't you think?) because we wouldn't know which to choose. Possibly we'd buy a five-seater Riley Adelphi, or even another make altogether

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Millions and Millions of Miles by Air

(Continued from page iv)

"marine" pilots than any other part of the Empire except New Zealand, and it is therefore difficult to appreciate why Imperial Airways' scheme should not have been attractive from the start. There was a danger that Pan-American Airways would get in first with a line to the States, and although this route to England will be opened in time, it will be a more expensive one to operate and will involve changing 'planes to cross America and again to cross the Atlantic.

Flying to Beat the Band

THE Air Ministry's report on the progress of Civil Aviation for 1935, Stationery Office, price 5s., reveals that for the first time the Empire attained world leadership in regular air route mileage. The figure is 53,291, our nearest rivals being the United States with 52,461. Mileage flown is another story — 63,000,000 in America compared with our 8,400,000 out of a world total of 150,000,000. The increase in passengers, mails and freight on the Empire routes has been enormous, and our export trade in aircraft is a record. Some seventy countries figure in the order books of the aircraft industry. The light aeroplane clubs had a membership of more than 9000, of whom about 2500 were active pilots. Croydon handled 120,000 passengers to and from the Continent and 4350 tons of other cargo—mails, baggage, and freight. In spite of a late issue, the Report is to be commended to all who fly—the maps alone are worth more than the price. The 1936 edition of *Who's Who in British Aviation* has been on sale at the bookstalls for a couple of months. Although it appeared to be late in arriving, due to the habit of most publishers to anticipate the printed dates of periodicals, the flying *Who's Who* came out at a psychological moment. Its information is quite up to date and there is an advantage gained by a delay till the middle of the flying season—more people are at work than in the winter, and interest in the air reaches a climax at the end of our summer. The book has been revised and edited by Lieut.-Col. Lockwood Marsh and Mr. Ellis Wood.

A "Scion Senior," joint product of Short Brothers and Pobjoy Airmotors. Its prototype is in service as a seaplane on the Irawaddy River

Quite at Random

LORD SEMPILL has reached Darwin, a place that used to be at back of beyond and is now the first airport of call from England. Actual flying time was about sixty hours. On Monday last, Lady Shelmerdine performed a christening ceremony at Hanworth for five Monospars built for the Eastern Air Lines of Canada. If you have a friend easing the declining years in the Sandwich Islands—part of that delectable area known to romance as the South Seas—you can send him a postcard by air for 7d. in eight days. Your glimpse of life in the Old Country will travel by sea to New York and by air to Honolulu, the latest time of posting being that normally employed for letters to the U.S.A. This is my interpretation of a prosaic notice from the General Post Office labelled "P.N. 1335."

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UNION-CASTLE LINE

What's On (*Continued from page C*)

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

TO-NIGHT, 30TH: Bach Concert.
THURS., OCT. 1ST: Mendelssohn-Schumann Concert, with Irene Scharrer, Oda Slobodskaya.
FRI., 2ND: Beethoven Concert, including the Ninth Symphony.
SAT., 3RD: Last concert, with Stephen Wearing, Roy Henderson, Josephine Wray.

SUNDAY CONCERT.—Queen's Hall Orchestra, Wood conducting, including Tchaikowsky's sixth Symphony and piano concerto (Moiseiwitsch): Queen's Hall, Oct. 4th, 3.30.

L.S.O.—Wagner programme, with Coates conducting; soloists, Eva Turner, Walter Widdop: Queen's Hall, Tues., 6th, 8.15.

DANCING AND DINING

DORCHESTER.—*Midnight Laughter* is a short and attractive cabaret-revue; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folies de Femmes cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

MAY FAIR.—Ambrose is back here, and there is always good cabaret: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

ODDENINO'S.—The redecorated restaurant has just opened; the brasserie is conversationally Bohemian as usual.

QUAGLINO'S.—Cabaret at midnight; dancing to Van Straten's band: extension, Wednesday.

QUINTO'S.—The Arlington Street restaurant is a new and amusing place in which to eat.

RITZ.—Café chantant cabaret again: Joe Kaye plays for dancing: extension, Wednesday.

SAN MARCO.—Jimmy Rogers entertains at the piano; Maurice Winnick's band plays.

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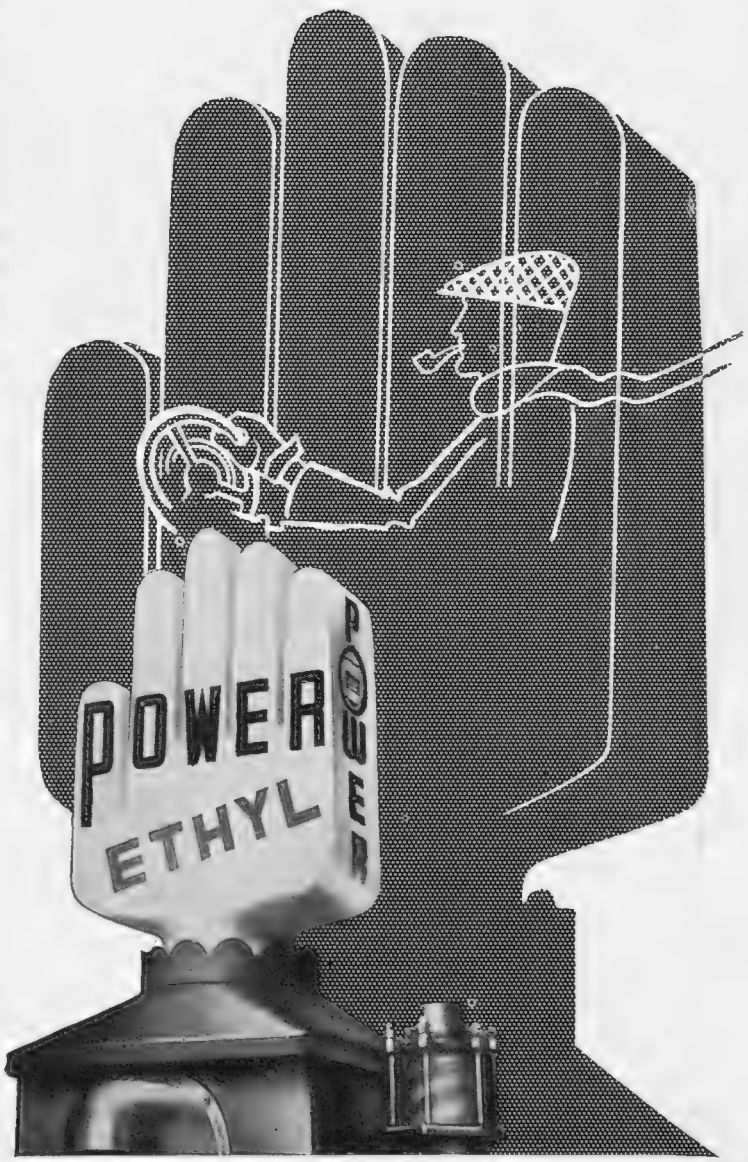

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Cars with a Personality

The New Humber "Snipe": By The Earl of Cardigan

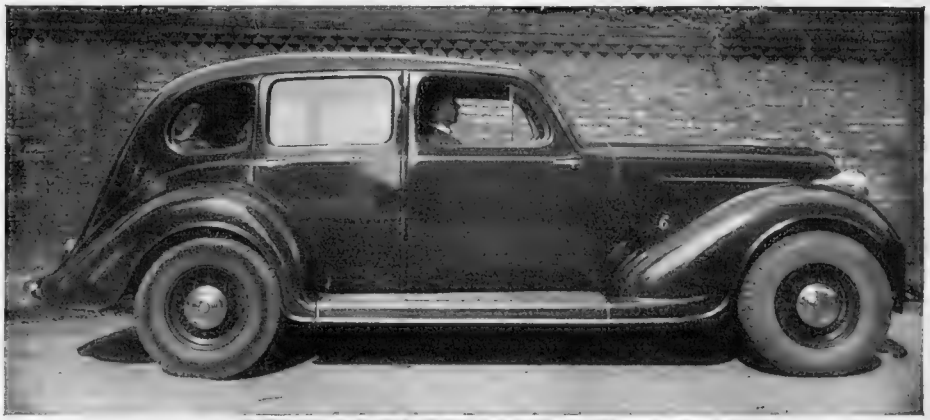
THE Humber "Snipe" has justly been a favourite with motorists for a number of years. It is a big car and a powerful car, although very reasonable in price. It is expressly designed for the ordinary man who is not satisfied with conventional low horse-power motoring.

The latest model has an engine of 27 h.p., and one may deduce that the power-weight ratio is a remarkably good one. It is a side-valve "six," and at full throttle can develop over 60 h.p. It is uncommonly flexible, having the ability to "pick up" from very low speeds, not only quite easily but also with surprising rapidity.

THE new "Snipe" certainly is capable of more speed than the average driver is likely to require. The maximum in top gear is not less than 80 m.p.h., with 60 m.p.h. available in third gear. The high cruising speed is another welcome feature, for a top-gear speed of 60 m.p.h. or so is entirely effortless. Covering the ground at a mile a minute, and with plenty of power still in hand, one is very pleasantly conscious of "that big-car feeling."

The transmission incorporates a four-speed gear-box, of which the third and top ratios are synchro-mesh. Second gear is an "ordinary" ratio, but is by no means difficult to engage on the comparatively rare occasions when it is required. The clutch, I venture to think, is capable of improvement, for it is apt to "judder" if used inexpertly. A little practice, however, enables this to be avoided.

THE springing is of the interesting "Even-keel" type, with independent suspension of the front wheels. There is no front axle in the ordinary sense, but a single large transverse front spring. The effect of this is to enable one front wheel to ride over an obstruction without unbalancing the car as a whole. There is no doubt that the "Snipe" is most comfortably sprung, even when travelling over very indifferent surfaces.



The new Humber "Snipe," although moderately compact, is a very powerful and extremely comfortable car. Extra large tyres are fitted, to add to the efficiency of the "Even-keel" suspension system

Right: the instrument panel is a neat one, and is compact enough to permit of a cubby hole on either side. The long gear lever comes to hand very conveniently

The brakes are extremely powerful, and the steering has a good self-centreing action. This is very advantageous, since the steering gear ratio, in conformity with the modern fashion, is a low one, and requires a number of turns of the wheel between one lock and the other.

The coachwork is very roomy and comfortable, and a particularly good feature is that the front windows open by means of a quick-action lever. For an extra £4 15s., a single, bench-type front seat with a central arm-rest can be fitted, so that an occasional sixth person can be carried. With the normal five-seater coachwork, the "Snipe" is a really fine value-for-money proposition at £475.

The back seat is most luxurious, and is wide enough, with the centre arm-rest raised, for three people to sit abreast. A folding table is fitted to the back of each front seat

The Editor's Box

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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SEPTEMBER

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An Apology

Part of Exhibit No. 142, "The Minotaure," at the recent International Surrealist Exhibition at the Burlington Galleries consisted of a coloured reproduction of a miniature portrait painted by Miss Bess Norriss (Mrs. Tait) of her son as a boy. This reproduction was cut out of "Colour Magazine" for June, 1918, by the exhibitor, Mr. Humphrey Jennings. The exhibition committee and the exhibitor have published an apology to Mrs. Tait in *The Times* and *Daily Mail* of September 9th for making use of her miniature without authority. The BYSTANDER therefore regrets having reproduced "The Minotaure" on June 17th (together with other surrealist exhibits). Mrs. Tait is a member of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters and a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy, the Royal Miniature Society, and other galleries.

A Correction

In our issue of September 2nd we published a photograph of Miss Evelyn Scarlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Scarlett, of West Buttlands, Beaconsfield, announcing her engagement to Captain G. H. Ogilvie. Captain and Mrs. Ogilvie had already been married, on July 4th, at St. Columba's, Pont Street. We much regret our mistake.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 30 — October 6

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—A thriller of the best type, alive to its last kick; Ralph Richardson, as the amazing doctor in pursuit of psychological data, gets tangled into an amusing bunch of crooks: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play seems a fixture and deserves a second visit to see Harold Warrender as a charming loafer and Lucille Lisle trying to convert him to work: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE COMPOSITE MAN.—Ronald Jeans' light touch and witty dialogue turned to a satire which they almost fit; Richard Bird and Diana Churchill lead convincingly: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FOLLOW YOUR SAINT.—Basil Dean presents Lesley Storm's latest, with Edna Best and Nicholas Hannen in the leads: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GIRL UNKNOWN.—Almost a one-part play for Lucie Mannheim as a Trieste waterfront waif shot into respectability; good subsidiaries are Wyndham Goldie, Frederick Lloyd, and Hugh Miller: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

THE INSECT PLAY.—Revival of the Capek Brothers' lepidopteran satire on human activity; Edmund Willard is the tramp: Little, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play has, unfortunately, come to its last week, with Clifford Bartlett, Marjorie Mars, and Viola Tree acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.—Tyrone Guthrie has made the most of Shakespeare's early and entangled play with Margaretta Scott, Alec Clunes, Michael Redgrove, and Rachel Kempson in the cast: Old Vic, 8 (not Mon.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MADEMOISELLE.—Madge Titheradge in the name-part is brilliant, set off by skilful acting on the part of Greer Garson, Isabel Jeans, and Cecil Parker in Deval's powerful family character play: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ŒDIPUS REX.—Second (last) week of Sophocles' drama, played à la Grecque with chanting chorus; Sir John Martin-Harvey as the King, Miriam Lewis as Jocasta: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 3.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Rex Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grand matriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Noise, rhythm, colour, speed and more than a pinch of wit combine to make this show, as usual, breath-taking in the extreme; if you like these things, you 'll love it: Lyceum, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CARELESS RAPTURE.—Ivor Novello (the author) and Dorothy Dickson head a sprightly cast and vast chorus in a story which adequately holds a succession of grandiose scenes together; also Walter Crisham and Zena Dare: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CERTAINLY, SIR!—George Robey, Mackenzie Ward and Renée Houston lead in this piece by the authors of hilarious *Please Teacher* and *Yes, Madam*: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DESERT SONG.—Revival for a limited period of this fine romantic musical with Edith Day, Clarice Hardwicke and Harry Welchman in their original parts: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LET'S RAISE THE CURTAIN!—Kurt Robitschek's "variety-comedy-revue-opera" has a big cast and a lavish choice of entertainment types: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

O-KAY FOR SOUND.—Riotous revue with some stirring scenery by Ernst Stern and plenty of knockabout humour by Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, Nervo and Knox: Palladium, 6.20 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

OVER SHE GOES.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino are the backbone of this musical: Saville, 8.15. Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 82.—Has most Windmill favourites in it—Stafford and Marnitz, Warden and West, Pearl Hackney and revudebelles; comedian Hal Blue is new: Windmill, 1.20—11.30, non-stop.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's witty revue headed by Nelson Keys and Ivy St. Helier, supported by Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott, is now at the Comedy: 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWING ALONG.—Louise Browne, Leslie Henson, Fred Emney, and Zelma O'Neal in a musical as funny as *Seeing Stars*; Henson especially in great form: Gaiety, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THIS 'LL MAKE YOU WHISTLE.—Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, and a gaily-coloured chorus lead a no-plot musical with great success: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Gay romping piece which pokes gentle fun at Victoriana; music and scenery delightful, Gertrude Musgrove and George Benson stand out in a strong cast: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town—and deserves it—with clever acting by Owen Nares and Fay Compton in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that detonates various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspense and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FUGITIVES.—A typical and topical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convinicng, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Felix Aylmer is the North Pole hero; and his wife, Carol Goodner, doesn't care for him, nor does Rex Harrison care for heroism; the slight plot of these Arctic interactions is a frame for lively acting and dialogue: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

LAUGHTER IN COURT.—Ridiculous plot does not put any strain on the witty and facetious dialogue which is unrolled to perfection by Yvonne Arnaud, Ronald Squire and Edmund Breon: Shaftesbury, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MURDER ON ACCOUNT.—A new thriller with Rosalinde Fuller, Dorothy Dix, G. H. Mulcaster, and William Roderick: Winter Garden, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 16.—A murder trial in which the audience supplies a jury, with an all-American cast: Phœnix.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome character play, with a new cast (Esmond Knight, Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer), is at the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPRING TIDE.—Overwhelmingly optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Franck and Bridie's cheerful satire on Scottish officialdom deserves its long run; don't miss Sara Allgood or Roger Livesey at the head of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

First Nights

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY.—Gillian Scaife in the revival of Turgenev's comedy of Russian life: Westminster, to-night.

NO ORDINARY LADY.—Ellen Pollock, Jack Melford, D. A. Clarke Smith in an adaptation of a Verneuil comedy: Duke of York's, to-night.

TRANSATLANTIC RHYTHM.—Felix Ferry's vast American revue has Lupe Velez, Ruth Etting, Lou Holtz as stars: Adelphi, Thurs., Oct. 1st.

CINEMAS

ACCUSED (British).—Dolores del Rio, Florence Desmond, and Douglas Fairbanks, jr., in a good back-stage murder drama: London Pavilion.

ANTHONY ADVERSE (American).—Hervey Allen's big novel makes a big film, with Fredric March in the name-part, Olivia de Havilland, Edmund Gwenn, and Anita Louise supporting: Tivoli.

AS YOU LIKE IT (British).—Elisabeth Bergner as Rosalind, Leon Quartermaine as Jacques, Lawrence Olivier as Orlando; generous display of talent in first British Shakespeare film: Carlton.

THE GREAT ZIEGFELD (American).—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's giant biographical spectacle stars William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Luise Rainer, and is lavish to suffocation: His Majesty's, 2.15 and 8.15.

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (American).—Capra's clever new film with more than a turn of satire and wit; Gary Cooper at his best; also Jean Arthur and Lionel Stander: Regal.

MY MAN GODFREY (American).—William Powell, as a butler, with Carole Lombard and Eugene Pallette in a satire on two ends of society: Leicester Square.

PICCADILLY JIM (American).—With Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans: Empire.

POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL (American).—Shirley Temple's third film here this "summer" shows her as a lost child-heiress adopted by vaudeville folk; five new songs and some dances are hers: New Gallery.

SAVOY-HOTEL 217 (German).—From the Ufa Studios but set in Moscow; Hans Albers is a fascinating waiter, Brigitte Horney a wealthy visitor Gusti Huber a Bergneresque chambermaid: Curzon.

SONG OF FREEDOM (British).—Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch in a powerful racial drama set in London and Africa; fine songs by Robeson: Plaza

THE STORY OF LOUIS PASTEUR (American).—Paul Muni's fine part as the French scientist: Marble Arch Pavilion.

SYLVIA UND IHR CHAUFFEUR (Austrian).—A Viennese soufflé with some good music, Olga Tschechowa and Leo Slezak: Academy.

OPERA

SADLER'S WELLS:

FAUST (with full ballet).—To-night, 8.

FALSTAFF.—Thurs., Oct. 1st, 8.

LA BOHÈME.—Sat., Oct. 3rd, 2.30.

CARMEN.—Sat., Oct. 3rd, 8.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

BARABAU, CASSE NOISETTE, APPARITIONS.—Fri., Oct. 2nd, 8.30.

CARNAVAL, BLUE BIRD, GODS GO A-BEGGING, LAC DES CYGNES (Act II.).—Tues., Oct. 6th, 8.30.

(*Continued on page* viii)

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Getting Married

Lenare

Eyles — Medcalf

John C. H. Eyles, Wiltshire Regiment, and Joan Mary Medcalf are engaged. He is the only son of the late J. R. Eyles and Mrs. Eyles, of Stoke, Andover, Wilts., and she is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. T. Medcalf, of Yelmacott, Swindon, Wilts.

Lenare

Clarke — Fort

Mlle. Francoise Valentine Fort, daughter of M. Paul Fort, of 5 avenue Jeanne, Brussels, and Mme. Greunier, of Ghent, is to marry, in November, Geoffrey Clarke, eldest son of the late H. G. Clarke and Mrs. Clarke, of Forest View, Hinckley, Leicestershire

Peter Nort

Drummond — Worthington

Lt.-Commander James Drummond and Patri Worthington are engaged. He is the younger son Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. Laurence Drummond, of S singhurst Place, Cranbrook, Kent, and she the only daughter of Colonel Sir Edward St Worthington, of 32, Upper Brook Street, W

Edwards — Williams

Dr. Glyn Charles Edwards, son of the late Dr. Edwards and Mrs. Edwards, of Porthcawl, and Nancy Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Williams, of Cwmcarn, Monmouthshire, had a London wedding at All Souls', Langham Place

Waterfield — Graham

John Edwin Waterfield and Rosemary Graham were married in London. He is the son of the late Henry Waterfield and Mrs. Waterfield, of Hale, Cheshire, and she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Graham, of Mathon Lodge, Tattenhall, Staffs.

McGill — Robertson

Robert H. R. McGill, son of Mr. and Mrs. William McGill, of Woodlands, Courtenay Avenue, Hampstead, and Amelia Robertson, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Robertson, of 26, Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7, were married at St. Columba's, Pont Stree

de Garston — Houstoun

Norman L. L. de Garston of H.M. Treasury, Nigeria, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. de Garston, of Villa Gori, Rapallo, Italy, and Hazel Houstoun, daughter of Major and Mrs. G. L. F. Houstoun, were married at St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington

Davies — Winteringham

John Davies and Rita Winteringham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Winteringham, of Hull, were married at St. Augustine's, Hull. The bridegroom is the son of Sir Alfred and Lady Davies, of Eagles, West Hill, Highgate

Craddock — Quinn

Philip Chase Craddock, 63rd Field Brigad R.A., and Una Mary Quinn, daughter o Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Quinn, of 20, Belsiz Grove, N.W.3, were married at the Church o the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea. The bridegroom's parents live at 6d, Montagu Mansions, W.

e "Bystander's" Review of eddings and Engagements

Smith — Walton

A New Zealand wedding took place at Holy Trinity, Brompton, when M. Maurice Smith, of Chiltern Court, Baker Street, W.1, son of the late G. Harold Smith, of Pahietua, New Zealand, married Audrey Walton, of Auckland, New Zealand

Morris Parry — Stewart

Donald Morris Parry, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Morris Parry, of Green Shutters, Moor Park, Herts., and Margaret Grace Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart, of Farmlands, Rickmansworth, were married at Christ Church, Chorley Wood. The bridesmaids were Kathleen Parry, Janet Rogers, Elizabeth Nott; Mrs. Richard Turnbull, sister of the bride, was matron of honour; the train-bearers were Susan Capon and Colin Turnbull

van Namen — Horne

Cla.. ie Dudgeon van Namen, son of Mrs. William Ogden, of the Gra.. ge, Harpenden, and Daisy Frances Hor.. e, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Rod.. rick Horne, of the Lodge, Chipstead, Surr.. y, were married at Chipstead

Parkin — Moxon

Captain John W. A. Parkin, D.C.L.I., only son of the late Frederick Parkin and Mrs. Parkin, of Truro, Cornwall, and Gwenyth Enid Moxon, only daughter of Canon and Mrs. R. S. Moxon, of The Vicarage, East Cowes, Isle of Wight, were married at East Cowes

Ramsford-Hannay — Wiseman

Ramsay Ramsford-Hannay, son of Col. and Mrs. Ramsford-Hannay, of Cardoness, Gatehouse, Kirkcudbright, and Margaret Wiseman, daughter of Sir William and Lady Wiseman, of 50, Cheniston Gardens, S.W., were married at St. Columba's, Pont Street

Hodge — Leslie

James H. Hodge and Anne Essex Leslie were married at Crown Court Church, Covent Garden. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. H. Hodge, of 58, Murrayfield Av., Edinburgh, and hers, Mr. and Mrs. J. Leslie, of Clydesdale Bank House, Campbelltown, Argyll

Jackson — Monckton

Lieut.-Commander Eric R. S. Jackson, R.N., and Elizabeth Penelope Monckton were married at All Saints', Wrington, Somersetshire. The bride is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Monckton, of Le Moignes, Wrington

Chiesman — Lycett

Frederic Chiesman, of Epsom, and Mrs. Joan Lycett were married at Croydon Register Office. The bride is the widow of the late Randolph Lycett, the tennis player, and a sister of H. W. Austin

Getting Married *(continued)*

Tunbridge

Mary Lloyd Owen

Is engaged to Michael Alastair Mitchell, younger son of Captain and Mrs. K. M. Bruce, of Horwood Court, Hayling Island, Hants.; she is the elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. R. C. Lloyd Owen, of 6, Wellesley House, Sloane Square, S.W.1

Lenare

Margaret Allan

Is a racing motorist, the daughter of the late James Allan and Mrs. Allan, of 15, Holland Street, W.8, and is engaged to Richard E. C. Jennings, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. E. C. Jennings, of Gelli-Deg, Kidwelly, Caermarthen

Kay Vaughan

Yolande Anne Hodgson

Is to marry Christopher Thompson, Royal Scots Fusiliers, son of Mrs. Gilbert Thompson, of Kirklington Hall, Bedale, Yorks.; is the daughter of the late A. T. Hodgson and Mrs. Hodgson, of Fritham Cottage, Lyndhurst, Hampshire

Bassano

Janet Leila Frizell

Will have a January wedding to Patrick Alpin, 8th Gurkha Rifles, only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. W. Alpin, of Richmond, Surrey; she is the only child of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. C. W. Frizell, of Viceroy Lodge, Kingsway, Hove

Lenare

Nancy Alford Andrews

Announced her engagement in August to Richard A. L. Hillard, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Hillard, of Puriton Manor, Bridgewater; she is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Alford Andrews, of Southmead, Chaucer Road, Cambridge

Pearl Freeman

Diana Carey

Is the second daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. H. E. Carey, of Watergate House, Bulford, Wilts., and is engaged to William Perceval Powell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Powell, of Farm Corner, Huntingdon Road, Cambridge

Fayer of Vienna

Gwenyd Sarah Greville

Is engaged to Major Francis H. Cairnes, M.C., son of the late W. P. Cairnes, of Drogheda, and Mrs. Cairnes, of Hordle, Lymington, Hants.; is the daughter of David Greville, of Grayton, Putney, and the late Mrs. Greville

Lenare

Angela Turnor

Is the eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. A. C. Turnor, Royal Horse Guards, and Mrs. Turnor, and is engaged to Edward G. V. Northey, elder son of Major-Gen. Sir Edward and Lady Northey, of Woodcote House, Epsom, Surrey

Bassano

Diana Plumpton

Is to marry Noel Sabine, Kenya Administrative Service, at Nairobi Cathedral, on Oct. 31st. She is the well-known golfer, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Merville Plumpton, of The Hermitage, Frinton, Essex

Navena

Elizabeth Harrison

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Harrison, of Southwold, Suffolk, and is engaged to Percival Rupert Comins, son of the late Charles Comins and Mrs. Comins, of Pembroke House, Bromley, Kent, and Wildby Hall, Suffolk

Lenare

Sheila Fletcher Mossop

Has announced her engagement to Major Alec Aveline, M.C., Royal Berkshire Regiment; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher Mossop, of 45, Sloane Street, S.W.1

Elwin Neame

Ann Russell-Brown

Is the only child of Colonel and Mrs. Claude Russell-Brown, and is engaged to marry John Law Denison, eldest son of the Rev. H. B. W. Denison, Rector of Bexhill, Sussex, and Mrs. Denison

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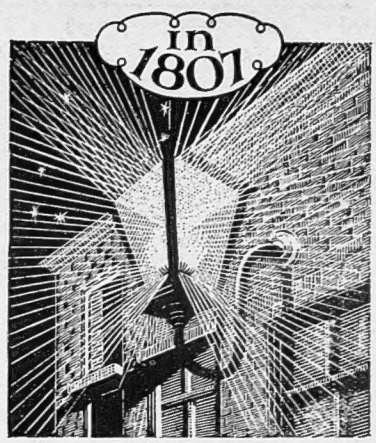

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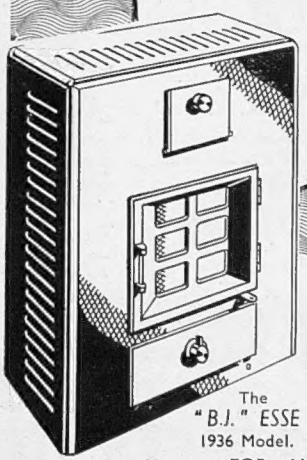

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